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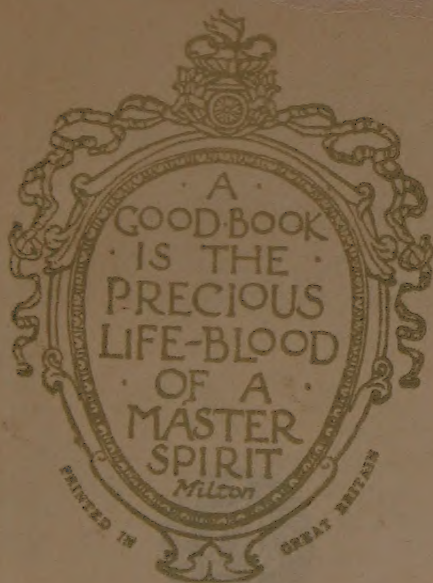
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SMITH



The **KINGS TREASURIES**
OF LITERATURE



GENERAL EDITOR
SIR A. T. QUILLER COUCH



OPEN AIR STAGE
Known as THE PAGEANT



NEW YORK E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY

PLAYS BEFORE SHAKESPEARE



SELECTED & ARRANGED
FOR ACTING BY
EVELYN SMITH B.A

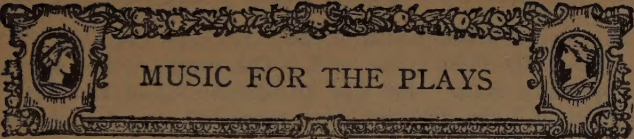
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SOLE AGENT FOR SCOTLAND
THE GRANT EDUCATIONAL CO. LTD.
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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN



MUSIC FOR THE PLAYS

By the courtesy of Messrs. Chappell & Co., Ltd., publishers of that treasury of charming songs, *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, I am enabled to reproduce songs with music suitable for the old plays. The student is asked to notice that these songs do not "belong to" the plays, but approximately to the period of their production.

Noah's wife and the gossips actually sang *A Pottell of Malmsey good and strong*, which goes quite well to the tune of *Jing-a-ring* or *Here we go round the Mulberry Bush*. The drinking song which may be substituted—*I cannot eat but little Meat*—was printed for the first time in the sixteenth-century comedy of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, but was probably written earlier. As the Chester Plays are known to have been acted as late as the early seventeenth century, it will not be out of place to introduce it. The stage directions in the MS. describe Noah and his family as singing the psalm "Save me, O Lord," while in the Ark.

No songs are included in *The World and the Child*, but the custom of "a fit of mirth and an old song" was so general that one or two may well be introduced. Chaucer's Squire "coude songes make" and was "singing all the day": the youth Love-Longing may appropriately sing one of the prettiest of the mid-sixteenth-century songs, *Fain would I have a pretty Thing to give unto my Lady*, set to the popular old tune of *The lusty Gallant*. The Vice of the old play, like the Shakespearean fool, sang snatches of song; *Who's the Fool now?*—entered

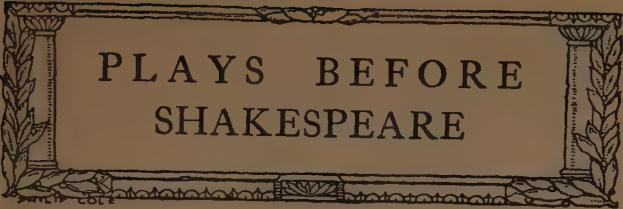
as a ballad in the books of the Stationers' Company in 1588—suits Folly quite well. The music of the song "specially made" for *The Disobedient Child* has not, as far as I can discover, been reprinted, and I suggest replacing it by *My little pretty One*, which has an air as charming as are its words.

The music to which the beautiful songs in *Campaspe* were set has not, as far as I can ascertain, been reprinted. As at present there is a revival of interest in the Elizabethan composers, and much of their work is being re-issued, it may shortly appear. Unless the school company of players is lucky in having the services of a musical director who is able to set these lyrics, songs from Shakespeare, such as *O Mistress mine*, *Hark, hark, the Lark*, and *And let me the Canakin clink*, may be substituted for them in an acting version of the play. The music of these is published by Novello.



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PLAYS BEFORE SHAKESPEARE

THE MEDIÆVAL RELIGIOUS DRAMA

THE oldest drama of our country is religious in origin. Soon after the Norman Conquest allusions to plays are made by contemporary writers: in 1110 a "Ludus de Saint Katherina" is produced at Dunstable under the supervision of the Abbot of St. Albans, and William FitzStephen tells of the "repræsentationes miraculorum" acted in London in the latter part of the twelfth century. Ecclesiastics were evidently responsible for the writing and performing of these "miracles," and although from time to time attempts were made to sever completely the connection between the Church and the plays, it seems to have persisted right into the sixteenth century. Early in the thirteenth century Pope Gregory IX. forbade the exhibition of plays in consecrated places (church or churchyard), but this prohibition by no means decreased their 'popularity. Undertaken by members of the town craft-gilds, they were acted on various festivals of the Church, especially during the Feast of Corpus Christi, established in 1264 by the Pope in honour of the Real Presence of Christ in the Sacrament of the Mass, and from the early fourteenth century till the Reformation recognised in England as a most important festival. Probably every thriving town produced these plays: four have preserved complete sets or cycles of them—York, Wakefield, Coventry,

and Chester. Each of these "cycles" is a series of dramatised versions of the chief stories of the Bible, from the Creation to Doomsday, with certain stage directions. Entries in the gild and town records as to money paid for stage effects and costumes, and various matters concerning the choice of players and stations for street-acting, give a fair idea of how this old drama was produced.

Each gild undertook one play, and, as far as was possible, one suited to its own craft. The "goldsmymes" had the opportunity to display their treasure as gifts to the infant Christ in the pageant of the Adoration of the Three Kings; to the bakers and the "vyntners" were assigned the Last Supper and the Changing of Water into Wine; the "shipwrightes" of York built the Ark, and the "fysshmongers" and mariners also took part in the tale of Noah; at Chester these scenes were undertaken by the "water-leaders and drawers in Dee."

The actors were chosen very carefully: a proclamation of 1476 at York commanded four of "the most connyng discrete and able players within this citie to serche, here, and examen all the plaiers and plaies and pageants belonging to Corpus X^{ti} plaie. And all such as they shall find sufficient in persone and connyng, to the honour of the citie, and worship of the saide craftes, for to admitte and able, and all other insufficient personnes either in connyng, voice or persone to discharge, ammove and avoide." The municipal authorities, which exercised very definite control over these dramatic performances, fined craft-gilds which did not produce their plays in the proper way and at the places appointed.

The plays were acted on big movable stages like waggons, called pageants, and each gild had its own

pageant, and was responsible for storing it, and keeping it painted and in good repair. The exact construction of this movable stage is not quite certain. It seems to have been two-tiered, and was lighted with lamps and adorned with the city arms. Generally the action took place on the pageant; sometimes the street was utilised, a stage direction in one of the Coventry plays being: "Here Erode ragis in the pagond and in the strete also." Details in the gild accounts such as payment made "to the laborer for taykinge the clothes up and downe, and nayles," and "for payntyng the canvas and pagyant" show that, if there was no actual scenery, some sort of stage setting was employed. Of various stage accessories there was no lack. The Coventry gild records mention sums paid for a link to set the world on fire, a barrel for the earthquake, pulpits for the angels, a hook to hang Judas, starch to make a storm, half a yard of Red Sea, and for keeping a fire at hell-mouth—details which show that there was plenty of spirit in the staging of the various plays—or pageants, as they were called from the vehicles on which they were acted.

As in the Shakespearean theatre, there was much music: the Coventry records mention sums paid for performances on the trumpet, organ, regals, bagpipes, flute and drum. Some of the York and Coventry music has been preserved, the latter having been copied before the MS. was destroyed by fire. The dresses appear to have been splendid. They were bought, borrowed, or bequeathed. A certain William Pisford left the tanners of Coventry "his scarlet gown and his crimson gown to make use of at the time of their plays," and the smiths of the same city hired a gown for Herod from a Sir William Wigston, at the cost of eightpence-worth of wine. If all the gilds of Coventry dressed their plays as well as did those whose records remain,

their simple stages must have been splendid with colour. There are entries of red sendal (a kind of silk) or white leather for the coat of God, gold skins and diadems for the angels, blue buckram, with crest and falchion of gold and silver foil, for Herod, scarlet for Annas and Caiaphas, white and black, or red and yellow (to represent flames) for the souls, jackets of red and black, or black buckram "with nails and dice upon them," or with "damaske flowers," for the tormentors. Certain features, such as the gilded faces of God and holy personages, the red hair of Judas, the Saracen costume of Herod, the white and black coats of the good and evil souls, were conventional. Of all characters the "devyl" seems to have made the greatest impression, and the scenic effect of hell-mouth must have been eagerly looked for, with its dreadful demons, tormented souls, and real fire. The appearance of the devil must have been terrifying. Various accounts describe him as clad in leather, in horsehair, in feathers; he wore a false head or painted visor, and brandished a staff or club.

Again and again in the old poems and plays there are allusions to these characters. The "joly Absolon" of Chaucer's *Miller's Tale* "somtyme pleyeth Herodes on a scaffold hye," and in the same story Nicholas speaks of the "sorwe of Noe with his felawshipe"; Hodge, the hero of the sixteenth-century comedy of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, tells of "a great black devil," and of how "the knave cried ho! ho! he roared and he thundered"; the Pardoner, in Heywood's interlude, *The Four P's*, written in the same century, recognises the porter when he arrives at hell-gate, "for oft in the play of Corpus Christi he hath played the devil at Coventry," and is admitted to a festival where the demons stand in festal attire—"their horns well gilt, their claws full clean, their tails well kempt."

Great care was taken to regulate the procession of the pageants from one part of the town to another. Special messengers were sent round before the feast day on which the plays were to be acted to read the banns, that is, to proclaim the duty of the players to be ready in their pageants in good time (between three and five in the morning) and to bring forth their pageants to the appointed stations without delay, on the penalty of a fine. One pageant followed another, so that the spectators gathered at the Abbey gates at York would see first the Fall of Lucifer by the barkers, and then, while the barkers went on to the pent-house at the high cross, the Creation by the "playsterers," and so on to the end.

The subject-matter of the plays may seem to the modern mind strangely chosen, but it must be remembered that the representation of God, inconceivable on the present-day stage, was by no means extraordinary to the mediæval mind, which gave concrete form to the mysteries of heaven and hell in its painting and architecture, as well as in this popular drama. A certain amount of original comedy is introduced into the Biblical narrative: the writer of the banns of the Chester plays acknowledges and apologises for the author:

Interminglinge therewith, onely to make sporte,
Some thinges not warranted by any witt,
Which to gladd the hearers he would men to take yt.

The building of the Ark, with the trouble given by Noah's shrewish wife, and certain episodes (sheep-stealing or wrestling or discussion of the singing of the angels) associated with the story of the shepherds watching their flocks by night provide this "comic relief," and the good taste and feeling of the unknown writers is shown by the quick and complete transition made in nearly every case from rough humour to tenderness and reverence directly the subject demands it.

A great theme—the old history of man and of God's dealings with him—humour, pathos, tenderness, and a certain sense of character: all these things are found in these early plays. Even after the beginnings of the regular drama they kept their hold on the affections of the people. If he did not see "miracles" in his own little town, it is more than probable that the boy who was to become the creator of *Hamlet* and *The Tempest* walked or rode from Stratford to the old and famous city of the Midlands, and saw the raging Herod and the roaring devil and other marvels on the pageants of Coventry.

THE PAGEANT OF NOAH'S FLOOD

(From the Chester Mystery Plays)

The good symple water-leaders and drawers of Dee
See that your Arke in all poynts be prepared;
Of Noy and his children the wholl storye,
And of the universall floude, by you shal be playd.

*(From the "banes" or proclamation made
in Chester before the plays were
acted at Whitsuntide, in the year 1600.)*

THE PLAYERS

NOAH.

THE WIFE OF NOAH.

SHEM, HAM, and JAPHETH, *the three sons of Noah.*

Their Wives.

Two "good gossips"—friends of Noah's Wife.

STAGING AND COSTUMES

This pageant will be played most successfully by younger children, who will bring to it the enthusiasm

of its original actors, and to whom the methods of building the Ark and showing the beasts suggested in the original stage directions will come quite naturally.

No "scenery" is really necessary; but if the play is being done on an "occasion," and in public, the first scene should be acted against the curtains that every school which interests itself in dramatic performances possesses. On either side of the proscenium should be set a stiff tree, made in imitation of the little bright green trees to be found in the Noah's Ark toy. The third scene, beginning with the argument between Noah and his wife, should have the Ark itself as background. Its vivid representation adds very much to the charm of the scene, and in school there is generally a decorator with sufficient talent and energy to paint so simple, bright and effective a backcloth. Calico or a smooth strong material that will take paint must be stretched on some sort of supports—the basket-ball or jumping-rope stands from the gymnasium will do if it is possible to borrow them; if not, posts must be fixed by a carpenter.

This backcloth cannot be hung flush with the wall, for the characters should be able to look through the windows, which should be cut out and outlined heavily in black. The design of roof, pontoon, etc., copied from a conventional Noah's Ark, in vermilion, white, black and green, should be done in a big striking way, the artist always bearing in mind the necessity of bold, telling, exaggerated work for producing good stage effect.

Noah and his family should wear the dress of the familiar Ark figures: straight stiff belted tunics reaching from neck to ankle, flat shoes, and little round black hats or caps. The brilliant toy Ark colours should be copied—emerald green, magenta, mustard yellow, grape purple, royal blue. Dress-lining material, hard and glossy,

is best: if more satisfactory colours are to be had in sateen or casement cloth, the hems of the skirts should be weighted so that they may hang straight and stiffly. The "gossips" should wear a mediæval costume, quaint enough to be in keeping with that of Noah and his family. The gowns themselves may be quite simple, made in a high-waisted or girdled style, but the head-dresses should be exaggerated for the sake of an attractive stage effect—the "hennin," or high steeple hat, tilted back from the face, and with a long veil hanging from it, or the roll, box, or horned head-dress should be worn. These should be copied from the illustrations to be found in stories or histories or articles dealing with the Middle Ages.

The contemporary way of representing the animals of the Ark is described in the stage direction. If there is plenty of room, and a good supply of actors who will like the fun of doing it, the animals and birds may be represented by small boys or girls creeping on all fours or hopping across the stage as Shem, Ham, or Japheth speaks. The disguises may be very simple—long ears for the ass, a hump for the camel, horns for the ox, and so on. All the beasts mentioned cannot be brought in; the procession should be confined to those which can be most easily and amusingly represented. After they have passed from the stage, one or two may look out from the windows of the Ark, as if they had really gone on board.

NOTE.—There are four manuscripts of these Chester plays extant. The plays are said to have been composed by one Don Randle Heggenet, a monk of Chester Abbey, "who was thrise at Rome before he could obtain leaue of the Pope to haue them in the English tongue," and they were acted at Whitsuntide, the performance of the whole series occupying three days.

The spelling of the following pageant has been modernised, except in the heading given with the title, two stage directions, and where, for the sake of metre or rime, it is necessary to keep the old form of the words. Slight changes and abridgments have been made in order to suit the pageant to school players, by whom it is intended to be read and performed. Students should read the play as published by the Shakespearean or the Early English Text Society. Where stage directions occur in any of the old copies they are reproduced, but those given in Latin are translated into English. The original stage directions are marked with a dagger, thus †. The gossips' song does not appear in all the versions.

THE TEXT OF THE PAGEANT

† *The water-leaders and drawers of dee: the thyrde pageante of Noyes fludde, and firste in some high place, or in the cloudes if it may bee, God speaketh unto Noe standinge without the arke with all his familye.*

The first scene, as it may be called, of the Pageant of the Flood must be rendered simply and gravely. Play it in half-light. It is better not to represent the figure of God on the modern stage: let a boy or girl with a beautiful and solemn voice speak the verses of His warning from without. The grouping of Noah and his family should be imitated from that of the figures in one of the early Italian fresco paintings—a Fra Filippo Lippi or Piero della Francesca.

I

The Voice of God. I God that all the world have
wrought,

Heaven and earth, and all of nought,
I see My people, in deed and thought,
Are fallen into sin.

Man that I made I will destroy,
Beasts, and worms, and birds that fly,
For on earth they do me noye,
The folk that are therein.

Therefore, Noah, my servant free,
That righteous man art as I see,
A ship at once thou shalt make thee
Of trees both dry and light.

Little chambers therein thou make
And binding-slich also thou take,
Within and out thou shalt not slack
To anoint it with all thy might.

Eating-places thou make also,
Three roofed chambers, one or two;

I God, etc. The stanza used is a form of "tail-verse." The commonest species of this (aa b cc b) is to be seen

4 3 4 3

in Chaucer's *Tale of Sir Thopas*.

Worms. Reptiles of any kind.

Noye. Annoy, used in a much stronger sense than is the modern word.

Free. Clear of evil and distress.

Binding-slich. Mud for "binding"; probably pitch.

For with water I think to flow
Man that I can make.

Destroyed all the world shall be,
Save thou, thy wife, thy sonnès three
And all their wives also with thee
Shall saved be for thy sake.

Noah. Ah! Lord, I thank Thee loud and still,
That to me showest Thy good will,
And spares me and my house to spill,
As now I truly find.

Thy bidding, Lord, I shall fulfil,
And never more Thee grieve nor grill,
That so much grace hast sent me till,
Me, among all mankind.

[He turns to his family, commanding them to get to work. The tranquil solemnity of the opening scene disappears: all is now eager bustling energy.]

II

Have done, you men and women all!
Help for aught that may befall
To build this ship, chamber and hall,
As God hath bidden us do.

[They collect their implements and bring them to show Noah.]

To flow. To flood.
Grill. To vex.

To spill. To destroy.
Till. To.

Shem. Father, I am already bowne:
A good axe have I, by my crown,
As sharp as any in all this town,
For to goe thereto.

Ham. I have a hatchet wonder-keen
To bytè well, as may be seen,
A better ground one, as I ween,
Is not in all this town.

Japheth. And I can make a right good pin,
And with this hammer knock it in;
Get you to work without more din,
And I am ready bowne.

Noah's Wife. [*Without much enthusiasm.*]
We will bring timber here for you,
And that is all that we must do;
Women are weak to undergo
Any great travail.

The Wife of Shem. [*Dragging it up vigorously.*]
Here is a good chopping-block;
On this you mayè hew and knock;
None shall be idle in this flock;
To work must no one fail.

Wife of Ham. And I will go to gather slitch,
The ship for to clean and pitch,
Anointed it must be every stitch,
Board, tree, and pin.

Bowne. Prepared, ready.

Ween. Think.

Pin. Peg. *Travail.* Work.

Slitch. Mud, slime.

Wife of Japheth. And I will gather chippès here
To make a fire for you in fere,
And for to dight your dinner,
Against you come in.

† [*Then they make signs, as if they were working
with their different tools.*

(*Noah goes out and returns carrying planks over
his shoulder. His wife, bored with the whole
business and out of temper, fetches a small
and useless piece of wood, which she lifts and
puts down in someone's way every now
and then. Everyone else labours cheerfully
and diligently.*)

Noah. Now in the name of God I will begin
To make the ship that we'll go in,
That we be ready for to swim
At the coming of the flood.

These boardès I join here together
To keep us safe from the weather,
That we may row both hither and thither,
And safe be from this flood.

Of this tree will I make the mast
Tied with cables that will last,
With a sail-yard for each blast,
And each thing in their kind.

[*As they work, lower the curtain, or darken the
stage for a moment. The third scene displays*

In fere. In company, all together. *Dight.* Prepare.

the backcloth painted with the Ark. Noah piles together planks, rope, etc. To the right his wife and her gossips sit drinking ale at a rough wooden trestle table.

III

Noah. [Looking proudly at the Ark.] With topcastle
and bowsprit,
With cords and ropes I have all meet,
To saylè forth at the next weete
This ship is at an end.

Wife, in this castle we shall be kept,
My children and thou I would in lept.

Noah's Wife. In faith, Noah, I had as lief thou slept;
For all thy frankish fare.

I will not do after thy rede.

Noah. [Coaxing her.] Good wife, do now as I thee bid.

Noah's Wife. [Obstinate and hostile.] By Christ! not
or I see more need,
Though thou stand all the day and stare.

Noah. [Distracted.] Lord, that women be crabbèd aye,
And never are meek, that dare I say,
This is well seen by me to-day,
In witness of you each one.

[Coaxing his wife once more.]

Weete. Wetting, downpour.

Frankish fare. Frantic (?) behaviour.

Rede. Command. *Or.* Before.

Good wife, let be all this beere,
 That thou makest in this place here;
 For all they ween thou art mastèr,
 And so thou art by St. John.

*[She shrugs her shoulders, and turns scornfully and
 sulkily to her gossips and her ale.]*

The Voice of God. Noah, take thou thy meanye,
 Hie to the ship, that there thou be;
 For none so righteous man to Me
 Is now on earth living.

Of cleanè beastès with thee thou take
 Seven and seven, or thou slack,
 He and she, make to make
 Quickly shalt thou bring,

Of beastès unclean two and two,
 Male and female, without more;
 Of cleanè birdès seven also,
 The he and she together;

Of birdès unclean two and no more,
 As I of beastès said before;
 That shall be saved through My lore,
 Against I send the weather.

Seven days be yet coming,
 You shall have space them in to bring,
 After that is My liking
 Mankind for to noye.

Beere. Bad behaviour.

Meanye. Household.

Make. Mate. *Lore.* Learning, knowledge, and so power.

Forty days and forty nights,
Rain shall fall for their unrights,
And that I have made through My might
Now think I to destroy.

Noah. [*Calling to his sons without.*] Have done, you
men and women all!

Hie you lest this water fall,
That each beast were in his stall,
And into the ship brought.

Of cleanè beastès seven shall be,
Of unclean two, this God bade me,
This flood is nigh, well may we see,
Therefore tarry you nought.

† [*Then Noye shall goe into the arke with all his family, his wief except and the arke must be borden rounde about, and one the borden all the beastes and fowles must be painted that thes wordes may agree with the pictures.*

(*See note on staging. If this is followed, exit Noah and, entering the Ark, looks from one of its windows. The sons come in one by one, leading their beasts, and pass from the stage with them after they have spoken. If it is not convenient to act the beasts, they may be painted on long strips of cardboard instead of the "bordes," and carried in on the shoulder of the character responsible for herding them into the Ark.*)

Shem. Sir, here are lions, leopards in,
Horses, mares, oxen, and swine,
Goatès, calvès, sheep and kine
Here sitten thou may see.

Ham. Camels, asses you may find,
Buck and doe, hart and hind,
And beastès of all manner kind
Here been, as thinkès me.

Wife of Shem. Yet more beastes are in this house:
Here cattès maken it full crouse,
Here a ratten, here a mouse,
They stand nigh together.

Wife of Ham. And here are birdès, less and more,
Hérons, cranès, and bittour,
Swans, peacockes, and them before
Meat for this weathèr.

Wife of Japheth. Here are cockès, kitès, crows,
Rookès, ravens, many rows,
Cuckoos, curlews, whoever knows;
Each one in his kind.

Japheth. And here are dovès, ducks, and drakes,
Redshanks running through the lakes;
All the birds that lead their makes
In this ship one may find.

Crouse. Merry.

Bittour. Bittern.

Noah. [*Leaning from window of the Ark.*]

Wife, come in, why stand'st thou here?
Thou art ever froward, that dare I swear.
Come in, I pray you! time it were
For fearè lest we drown.

Wife of Noah. [*Abusively.*] Yea, sir, set up your sail
And row forth in rain and hail!
To keep my word I will not fail—
I will not out of this town.

Without my gossips every one,
One step further I will not gone;
They shall not drown, by St. John,
If I may save their life.

They lovèd me full well, by Christ;
Either let them into thy chist
Or row forth, Noah, whither thou list,
And get thee a new wife.

Noah. [*Much worried.*] Shem, son, lo! thy mother is
wraw,

In truth such another I do not know.

Shem. [*Looking out of another window.*]

Father, I shall fetch her in, I trow,
Withoût any fail.

Enter Shem.

Shem. [*Taking her hand.*]

Mother, my father after thee sends,
And bids thee into yonder ship wend.

Chist. Chest, ark. *List.* Desirest. *Wraw.* Wrathful.

Look up and see the wind,
For we be ready to sail.

Wife of Noah. [*Angrily, pushing him away.*]

Son, go again to him and say
I will not come therein to-day.

Noah. [*Losing all patience.*]

Come in, wife, in twenty devils way,
Or else stand there without.

Ham. [*Looking from another window.*]

Shall we all fetch her in?

Noah. Yea, sons, in Christ's blessing and mine;
I would you hastened you betime;
For of this flood I am in doubt.

First Good Gossip. [*Rather frightened.*]

The flood comes in, full fleeting fast,
On every side it spreadeth full far,
For fear of drowning I am aghast,
Good gossip, let us draw near.

Second Gossip. [*In a hilarious, don't care way.*]

And let us drink or we depart,
For often times we have done so;
For at a draught thou drinkest a quart,
And so will I do, or I go.

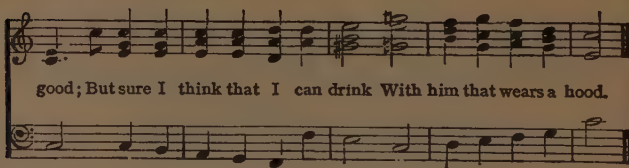
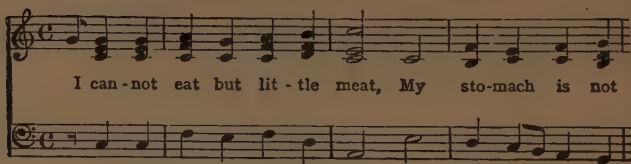
[*They drink with Noah's wife, and sing.*]

SONG

Here is a pottell of malmsey, good and strong,
 It will rejoice both heart and tongue;
 Though Noah think us never so long
 Yet we will drink alike.

(The following Song may be introduced.)

A SONG FOR THE GOOD GOSSIPS



Though I go bare, take ye no care; I am nothing acold;
 I stuff my skin so full within of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
 Both foot and hand go cold,
 As long as God sends me good ale enough,
 Whether it be new or old!

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast, and a crab laid in
 the fire;
 A little bread shall do me stead! much bread I do not desire.

No frost, nor snow, no wind, I trow, can hurt me if I would;
I am so wrapped and throughly lapped of jolly good ale
and old!

Back and side go bare, go bare, etc.

*Enter Ham and Japheth. The three sons kneel in
a row before their mother.*

Mother, we pray you all together,
For we are here your own childer—
Come into the ship for fear of the weather,
For His love that you bought.

Noah's Wife. That I will not for all your call,
But I have my gossips all.

[She cuffs each son in turn.]

Shem. *[Springing up, and very angry.]*
In faith, mother, yet you shall,
Whether you will or not.

*[After a tussle, they succeed in carrying her
out, struggling and protesting.]*

*She looks from one window of the Ark, Noah
from another.*

Noah. *[In triumph.]* Welcome, wife, into this boat!

Noah's Wife. And take thee that for thy note!

[She gives him a smart slap.]

Noah. Aha! marry, this is hot,
It is good to be still.

[Then Noah shuts the window of the Ark, and for

Note. Enterprise, business, undertaking.

a little time they sing the psalm, "Save me, O God." Then, opening the window, he looks round.

(If it seems better to do so, end the pageant with the conveying of Noah's wife into the Ark. The last scene should return to the quietness and solemnity of the first.)

IV

Noah. Ah! Lord, blessèd be Thou aye,
That me hast comfort thus to-day;
By this sight I may well say
This flood begins to cease.

[He shows the olive-branch.]

My sweetè dove to me brought has
A branch of olive from some place,
This shows that God hath done us grace,
And is a sign of peace.

Ah! Lord! honoured must Thou be,
All earthè dryès now, I see,
But yet till Thou command me,
Hence I will not hie.

All this water is away,
Therefore as soonè as I may
Sacrifice I shall do in fay
To Thee devoutly.

Save me, O God. Psalm 69, verses 1, 2, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18.
In fay. In faith.

The Voice of God. Noah, take thy wife anon,
And thy children every one,
Out of the ship thou shalt gone,
And they all with thee.

Beastès and all that can fly,
Out anonè they shall hie,
On earth to grow and multiply,
I will that it be so.

My bow between you and Me
In the firmament shall be,
By very token that you may see
That such vengeance shall cease.

That man nor woman shall never more
Be wasted by water as is before,
But for sin that grieveth me sore,
Therefore this vengeance was.

Where cloudès in the welkin been,
That ilkè bowè shall be seen,
In tokening that My wrath and teen
Shall never thus wreakèd be.

The string is turned towards you
And towards Me is bent the bow
That such weather shall never show,
And this I promise thee.

Welkin. Sky.

Ilkè. Same.

Teen. Anger.

My blessing now I give thee here,
 To thee, Noah, My servant dear,
 For vengeance shall no more appear;
 And now farewell, my darling dear.

[From within the Ark Noah and his family are heard singing any one of the psalms of thanksgiving.]

THE END OF THE PAGEANT

BOOKS TO BE READ BY THOSE WHO ARE INTERESTED IN THE OLD MYSTERY OR MIRACLE PLAYS

1. *York Mystery Plays*, by Lucy Toulmin Smith (Clarendon Press). This contains the plays themselves, with a scholarly and comprehensive introduction, not only dealing with the York collection, but giving a comparative table of cycles of English religious plays, and a list of the places in Great Britain where there is evidence of such plays having been performed. There is an appendix on the music by Mr. William Cummings.

2. *The Towneley (or Wakefield) Plays*, by England and Pollard (Early English Text Society).

3. *Chester Plays*, by Deimling and Matthews (Early English Text Society).

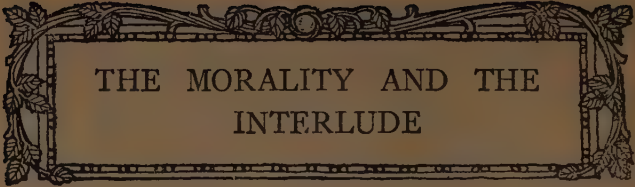
4. *Coventry Plays*, by Halliwell (Shakespeare Society).

5. *Pageants or Dramatic Mysteries of Coventry*, by

Sharp. This book contains the Sheremen and Taylors' plays, the music of three songs, records of the accounts of the smiths and drapers in connection with their pageants, descriptions of the pageants, some most interesting engravings of these waggon-stages, and some astounding ones of "hell-mouth."

6. Professor Ward's *English Dramatic Literature*, vol. I., chap i., gives a full account of these plays.





THE MORALITY AND THE INTERLUDE

In the fifteenth century a new type of drama makes its appearance, the type known as the "morality." This is a play which teaches some simple moral lesson, generally through allegory. In the earliest moralities the characters are personifications of abstract ideas: figures such as Ignorance, Perseverance, Good Deeds, Conscience, Hypocrisy and Avarice appear. As the morality develops, certain of its figures become more like those of real life, and their names, though still suggesting personification, more individual—Hicke Scorne, Cuthbert Cutpurse, Nichol Newfangle, and so on.

It is easy to see that such plays mark a definite advance in the development of the drama. The writer of the morality had a freer hand than had the churchman who dramatised Biblical events for the old religious pageants: he might invent his plot and his characters. Further, though the morality was intended for edification as well as for entertainment, and though it was on occasion used for religious controversial purposes, it had no real connection with the Church, a connection which—particularly as both clerical and lay opinion was divided as to its propriety—was likely to fetter rather than to help onward the progress of English drama.

The best-known of the English moralities are *Everyman*, which tells the story of man making the last dread journey to death, and *The World and the Child*. It is noteworthy that the latter, in the edition printed by

Wynkyn de Worde in 1522, is called a "proper new interlude." Some historians of literature distinguish between the morality and the interlude, using the former term to signify the allegorical play which taught its moral lesson very clearly, and which was, in fact, a dramatised sermon, and applying the latter to lighter, more humorous little plays, such as those of John Heywood, the most famous of which is *The Four P's*. The origin of the term "interlude" no doubt lies in the fact that plays or scenes of an amusing kind were introduced between more serious dramatic representations, or to fill up intervals in formal banquets, but the distinction was not consistently observed by the writers of the time. The term interlude (spelt in many different ways) is used for all sorts of dramatic entertainments: the purely secular, such as Heywood's *Four P's*; the religious controversial, such as the *Interlude of Youth and Lusty Juventus*; the allegorical, such as *The World and the Child*.

Of great importance in both morality and interlude are the two figures which supply much of the "comic relief"—the Devil and the Vice. The Devil is the boisterous figure of the old miracle play—hideous visor, suit of calfskin or hair, great voice roaring "Ho, ho, ho": all complete. Various suggestions have been made as to the origin of his companion, who has certain characteristics in common with the court fool. It is easy to understand that the representation of any of the human frailties personified in the morality might become comic: in the very highest comedy the dissection of folly and vice evokes "thoughtful laughter." Not thoughtful but ribald mirth was aroused by the antics of the chief Vice of this primitive sort of comedy, who, because of his character, naturally became associated with the Devil his master, and played tricks on him, as

the privileged court buffoon would on his. They must have appeared together in many moralities: readers of *Henry V.* and *Twelfth Night* will remember that two of Shakespeare's characters think of them in their joint act, and both speak of what was evidently a stock trick played by the Vice. The clown Feste sings of:

The old Vice

Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries ah, ha, to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad——

and the Boy, reflecting on Pistol, the cowardly bully, says: "Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger."

Often, however, these two characters appear separately: as they do in the plays printed in this book. In *The World and the Child* Folly is the Vice, although he is not given the actual title—which appears for the first time in *The Play of the Weather*, printed eleven years after this one. The Devil in *The Disobedient Child* plays no part worth mentioning—probably he was brought in because he was a popular figure and the dramatist had not the heart to leave him out. As a stage character he seems to have been on the decline in the mid-sixteenth century, while the Vice, growing in favour and in individuality, was to become merged with the fool in the golden age of Elizabethan drama. The names and costumes of this Vice are many and varied—he is

The Devil. He appears, with a Vice, in Ben Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass* (1616), the first scene of which is an interesting exposition of the popular features of the morality as seen by a later age.

Iniquity and Ambidexter and Inclination and Merry Report, and Tediousness and Dissimulation and Neither-Lover-nor-Loved. In one play he calls himself "the flower of the frying-pan"; in another he wears "a farmer's long coat and a cap," and his poll and his beard are "painted motley"; again he is in mock armour, "with an old capcase on his head, an old pail about his hips, a scummer and a pot-lid by his side, and a rake on his shoulder." Noise, fun, and jesting came with him, as the lively stage directions show. "Here entereth Nichol Newfangle the Vice, laughing, and hath a knave of clubs in his hand, which, as soon as he speaketh, he offereth unto one of the men or boys standing by." There is a good deal of horseplay in his scenes. "Neither-Lover-nor-Loved" has the wildest entry. He "cometh in ronnynge sodenly aboute the place among the audiens, with a huge copper tank on his head, full of squybs, fyred, crying "Watere, water; fyre, fyre, fyre; water, water; fyre . . . till the fyre in the squybs be spent." The most essential part of his get-up seems to have been his dagger: a character in one of Jonson's comedies says: "I would not give a rush for a Vice that hath not a wooden dagger to snap at everyone he meets." And evidently he made as good—or bad—use of it as in another very old kind of play Punch does of his stick.

Many of these moralities and interludes were acted by professional actors, who were formed into companies, each under the patronage of some noble personage, or by the boys of great schools—such as Westminster and Merchant Taylors, and the choir schools of Paul's and Windsor and the Chapel Royal. They were played at court, in the halls of aristocrats, in the inn-yards (especially those of the "Bell Savage," the "Bull" in Bishops-gate Street, the "Bell" in Gracious Street, Blackfriars, and Whitefriars). A contemporary account tells of how

The Castle of Perseverance was played by a company of strolling players, whose banner-bearers went on in advance, proclaiming that the performance would take place "on the grene in ryall array." It was acted, like most of these plays, on a temporarily erected stage, and this stage had a castle raised in the centre, and four stations, one at each corner, for the World, the Flesh, the Devil, and God.

Division into act and scene suggests the passing of time in the regular Elizabethan drama: the writers of these moralities allow several years to flit by, as it were, in the speaking of a few lines on the stage. Their time scheme is, however, perfectly clear, and few will quarrel with them (as certain Elizabethan critics did) for the naïve way in which they manage it.

A striking point in this older drama is the intimacy between actors and audience—a pleasant thing, which seems natural enough when it is remembered that the plays were acted in street, inn-yard, or hall. In *The World and the Child* each character speaks a few words to those who sit watching and listening before he addresses himself to the business of the play: the Father takes the parents into his confidence as he thinks of his pampered child; the Perorator has a few words of warning for father and young man. The institution of the regular theatre (the first playhouse was built in 1576) would soon end this old fashion.

This form of drama was not short-lived, even in its religious controversial aspect. An Act of Parliament in 1543 prohibited the playing of interludes concerning religious doctrines in controversy; but without complete success, and the more usual type of interlude and morality persisted, with the old miracle plays, right into the seventeenth century.

THE WORLD AND THE CHILD

In 1522 this "interlude," as it is called by its printer, was "imprynted at London in Flete strete at the sygne of ye Sonne by me Wynkin de Worde." It was written several years earlier: Professor Ward assigns it to the early part of the reign of Henry VII. (1485-1509).

THE PLAYERS

THE WORLD.		THE OLD MAN	{ AGE.
THE CHILD, DALLIANCE.			{ REPENTANCE.
THE BOY, WANTON.		FOLLY.	
THE YOUTH, LOVE-LONGING.		CONSCIENCE.	
THE MAN	{ MANHOOD MIGHTY.	PERSEVERANCE.	
	{ SHAME.		

STAGING AND COSTUMES

The action of this morality is simple, but, if it be played with the right speed and emphasis, its dramatic quality is obvious and moving—it is the eternal pageant of life: the tragedy of five acts to Carlyle, the comedy of one unmistakable jest to Gay.

As in every allegory, an opportunity is given for a good stage picture. The figure of the World should be enthroned in the centre of the stage, against effective arras or backcloth, or the good and beautiful wall space occasionally, though not often, to be found in school-room or hall. His throne should be raised so that his presence dominates the scene. He is arrayed in a robe of a colour suggesting worldly splendour—scarlet or purple, and a glittering crown, his brightness thrown into relief by the deep and sombre hues of the back-

ground. As he lolls on the throne, he rests either hand or foot on a globe of the world (a property easily supplied from the schoolroom). A sword and spilt coins lie on the steps of the throne and, to the left of these steps, crouches the figure of Folly. He may be attired as a jester in motley and cap and bells, but his character as the Vice of the old play is better emphasised if he wears a tightly fitting parti-coloured cap, giving the effect of a "painted poll," and a long motley coat. Jonson speaks of the time:

When every great man had his Vice stand by him
In his long coat, shaking his wooden dagger,

and this "coat" seems to have been more common than the jester's costume as we know it. He is, of course, armed with a wooden dagger. At the back of the throne, to the right, may stand a dark figure with an hour-glass, symbolising the passing of the time of man's life. The transition from one stage to another may be dramatically emphasised by the turning of this hour-glass. To the right of the stage is Conscience, with clasped hands, to the left Perseverance, standing in a resolute attitude with arms folded. Both these figures are turned from the World and remain motionless until the time comes for them to play their part. This grouping of the figures will not be effective on too narrow a stage. If space is limited, the characters should enter from the wings when the time comes for them to introduce themselves.

The Child wears a little straight grey or white tunic: his head, arms, and legs should be bare. The boy, Wanton, is gay, but must not be apparelled as brightly as the youth. He may be dressed in a short tunic of russet slashed with rust-red, soft shoes fitting close to the foot, and a cap shaped like that of a playing-card knave. He must be a most lively, restless, mischievous

urchin. Love-and-Longing, if he is to be the fashionable young man of Henry VII.'s reign, wears tunic and hose (the tunic very short, not reaching much below the waist) and a loose gown, long or short, with a wide roll-back collar reaching as far as the waist in front, and hanging sleeves. His shoes are pointed, his hair long. His costume, like that of Chaucer's Squire, a "lovyere" of an earlier time, is richly embroidered. Of course, the ordinary tunic and hose will serve as long as the effect is gay—white and red, the blend that suggested to the mediæval mind Maytime and youth and love-longing, will be as effective as any of the wonderful gold and silver embroidery on silk of the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century.

Manhood Mighty is given "robes royal of right good hue," but he is also given a sword, and his boastings are of his prowess in battle, so he should appear as a soldier. The sixteenth century saw the laying aside of many pieces of the complete suit of mail. A tunic of purple or some gorgeous colour, a plumed helmet, a breast-plate, long gauntlet gloves, and a sword will equip Manhood effectively.

Age is clad in a grey hood and gown, stained and torn. When Perseverance comforts him, he may give him the cross or crucifix symbolic of the Christian faith. Conscience wears a loose robe of violet or blue; Perseverance should have the appearance of an armed stalwart, with buckram tunic, sword and shield.



TEXT OF THE INTERLUDE

† *Here beginneth a proper new interlude of the world
and the child, otherwise called mundus et infans,
and it showeth of the estate of childhood and manhood.*

The World enthroned (see note on staging).

The World. [In a proud and careless voice.] Sirs,
cease of your saws what so befall,
And look ye bow bonerly to my bidding,
For I am ruler of realms, I warn you all,
And over all folk I am king:
For I am king, and well known in these realms
round,
I have also palaces y-pight:
I have steeds in stalls stalwart and strong,
Also streets and strands full strongly i-dight:
For I am the World, I warn you all,
Prince of power and of plenty:
He that cometh not when I do him call
I shall him smite with poverty,
Lo, how I sit seemly in se,
I command you all obedient be,
And with free will ye follow me.

Bonerly. Mannerly, courteously.

Y-pight. Placed. O.E. p.p., prefix ge-> M.E. y or i.

I-dight. Adorned.

Se. Seat.

The Child runs in. He kneels and prays his first three lines ; then jumps up, runs to the centre of the stage, spreads out his arms, and speaks to the audience.

Child. Christ our king, grant you clearly to know
the case.

To move of this matter that is in my mind,
And clearly declare it, Christ grant me grace. . . .
Now, seemly sirs, behold on me,
How mankind doth begin:
I am a child, as you may see,
Gamesome, gay, and free from sin.
Now to seek death I must begin,
For to pass that strait passage
For body and soul, that shall then twin,
And make a parting of that marriage.
Into the world I have been sent,
Poor and naked, as ye may see,
I am not worthily wrapped nor went,
But poorly pricked in poverty.
Now into the world will I wend,
Some comfort of him for to crave.

*[Kneels before the World, lifting
his hands to him.]*

All hail! comely crowned king,
God that all made you see and save!

World. Welcome, fair child.

[Child runs up the steps of the throne and lays

Strait. Narrow.

Twin. Divide in two.

Went. For "queint": quaint or fine.

Pricked. Decked.

his hand on the knee of the World, who puts one arm round him and pets him.

What is thy name?

Child. I wot not, sir, withouten blame;
But ofttime my mother in her game
Called me Dalliance.

World. [*Teasing him.*] Dalliance, my sweet child,
It is a name that is right wild,
For when thou waxest old,
It is a name of no substance.

But, my fair child, what wouldst thou have?

Child. Sir, of some comfort I you crave:
Meat and clothes my life to save.
And I your true servant shall be.

World. Now, fair child, I grant thee thine asking;
I will thee find while thou art young,
So thou wilt be obedient to my bidding.
Garments gay I will give to thee,
And also I give to thee a name,
And clepe thee Wanton in every game
Till fourteen year be come and gone;
And then come again to me.

Child. [*Kissing him.*] Gramercy, World, for mine array,
For now I purpose me to play.

[Folly takes the child's hand, and they dance away]

Dalliance. Dallying, toying, playing.

Find. I.e. in worldly necessities and pleasures.

Clepe. Call.

Wanton. A lively, frolicsome person. The word has deteriorated in meaning.

Gramercy. Great thanks.

together. The dark figure turns the hour-glass.

World. [*Looking after the child.*] Farewell, fair child,
and have good day:

All recklessness is kind for thee.

Enter the boy, Wanton, with his top and whip, led by Folly, who again sits cross-legged at the feet of the World.

Wanton. [*Making a mischievous face at the audience.*]

Ha, ha, Wanton is my name:

I can many a quaint game.

[*Spins his top and whips it about the stage.*]

Lo, my top, I drive in same,

See, it turneth round!

I can with my scourge-stick

My fellow upon the head hit,

And lightly from him make a skip,

And blear on him my tongue.

If brother or sister do me chide,

I will scratch and also bite:

I can cry and also kick,

And mock them all berew.

If father or mother will me smite,

I will ring with my lip,

And lightly from him make a skip,

Kind for. Of kin to.

Can. Know.

Scourge-stick. Whip.

Blear. Perhaps for bleart, to scold or speak noisily.

Berew. In a row.

And call my dame shrew.
 Aha, a new game I have found:
 See this gin, it renneth round!
 And here another have I found,
 And yet mo can I find.

[He leaps about the stage, picking up gay toys, such as a little coloured paper windmill on a stick, a bright balloon, etc., playing with them, breaking and bursting them, flinging them away.]

I can mow on a man,
 And make a leasing well I can,
 And maintain it right well then.
 This cunning came me of kind,
 Yea, sirs, I can well snip a snail,
 And catch a cow by the tail:
 This is a fair cunning,
 I can dance and also skip,
 I can play at the cherry-pit,
 And I can whistle you a fit,
 Sirs, in a willow rine:

[Takes a willow whistle from his pocket, plays a little jig on it, and dances. When he has finished, he looks round for applause.]

Yea, sirs, and every day

Gin. A clever contrivance, here used for a toy.

Mow. Make a face. *Leasing.* Falsehood.

Cunning. Knowledge.

Cherry-pit. Game which consists in throwing cherry-stones into a small hole.

Fit. Song or part of a song or ballad.

Rine. Rind or bark.

When I to school shall take the way
 Some good man's garden I will essay,
 Pears and plums to pluck.
 I can spy a sparrow's nest,
 I will not go to school but when me lest,
 For there beginneth a sorry feast,
 When the master thinks me to thwack.
 But, sirs, when I was seven year of age,
 I was sent to the world to take wage,
 And this seven year I have been his page,
 And kept his commandment.

[To the World, with gay impudence.]

Hail! Lord of great honour,
 This seven year I have served you in hall and
 in bow'r

With all my true intent.

World. Now welcome, Wanton, my darling dear.

A new name I shall give thee here:

Love-and-Longing: two in fere;

These thy names they shall be,

All game and glee, and gladness,

All love-longing in madness,

This seven year forsake all sadness,

And then come again to me.

[Folly leads away Wanton. They tease one another as they go. The World leans back on his throne, smiling. The dark figure again turns the glass.]

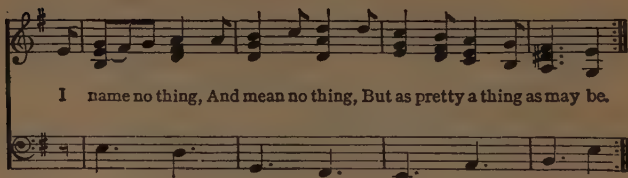
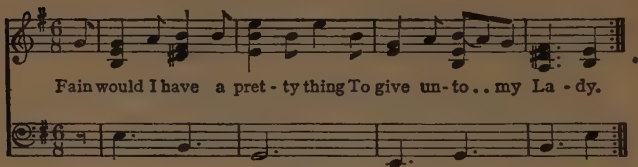
Essay. Try.

Me lest. It pleases me.

Love-and-Longing. His name in the morality is Love-Lust and Liking.

Enter the young man, Love-and-Longing, playing on his vielle and singing.

FAIN WOULD I HAVE A PRETTY THING



Twenty journeys would I make,
And twenty days would hie me,
To make adventure for her sake,
To set some matter by me.

Some do long for pretty knacks,
And some for strange devices;
God send me what my lady lacks,
I care not what the price is.

Love-and-Longing. Ha, ha, now *Love-and-Longing*
is my name
I am as fresh as flowers in May,

Vielle. Stringed instrument, the precursor of the violin.

I am seemly-shapen in same,
 And proudly apparelled in garments gay:
 My looks been full lovely to a lady's eye,
 And in love-longing my heart is sore set;
 Might I find a mate that were fair and free,
 To suffer till doomesday for love I would not let.

[*He strikes his vielle, as he speaks the following staccato lines—the notes may be imitated on the piano.*

My love for to win,
 All game and glee,
 All mirth and melody,
 All revel and riot,
 And of boast will I never blin.

[*Speaking more seriously.*

But, sirs, now I am nineteen winter old,
 I-wis, I wax wonderbold:
 Now I will go to the World
 A higher science to assay:
 For the World will me avance,
 I will keep his governance,
 His pleasure will I pray
 For he is king in all substance.

[*With gay confidence.*

All hail! master, full of might,
 I have you served both day and night:
 Now I comen, as I you behight.

One-and-twenty winter is comen and gone.

World. Now welcome to me, Love-and-Longing,

Let. Delay.

I-wis. Indeed.

Blin. Cease.

Behight. Promised.

For thou hast been obedient to my bidding.
 I increase thee in all thing,
 And mightily I make thee a man:
 Manhood Mighty shall be thy name.
 Now of one thing, Manhood, I warn thee,
 I am most of bounty,
 For seven kings serve me,
 Both by day and night.
 One of them is the king of pride,
 The king of envy doughty in deed,
 The king of wrath that boldly will abide,
 For mickle is his might:
 The king of covetise is the fourth:
 The fifth king he hight sloth,
 The king of gluttony hath no jollity,
 There poverty is pight:
 Pleasure is the seventh king,
 All men in him have great delighting,
 Therefore worship him above all thing,
 Manhood, with all thy might.

Man. Yea, sir king, without lesing

It shall be wrought.

Had I knowing of the first king, without lesing,

Well joyen I mought.

World. The first king hight pride.

Now, Manhood, I will array thee new

In robes royal of right good hue,

And I pray thee principally be true,

And here I dub thee a knight, [*Knights him.*]

Manhood. [*Kneeling.*] Gramercy, World and Emperor,

Hight. Is called.

Pight. Placed.

Mought. Might.

Gramercy, World and Governor,
 Gramercy, comfort in all colour,
 And now I take my leave. Farewell!

World. Farewell, Manhood, my gentle knight:

Farewell, my son, seemly in sight.

I give thee a sword, and also strength and might
 In battle boldly to bear thee well.

[Taking his sword, the young man goes out alone.

*Again the hour-glass is turned. Manhood
 Mighty comes swaggering in.*

Manhood. Peace, now peace, ye fellows all about:

Peace now, and harken to my saws,

For I am Lord both stalworthy and stout,

All lands are led by my laws.

Oft I have boldly blood full piteously dispilled:

There many hath left fingers and feet, both head
 and face.

I have done harm on heads, and knights have I
 killed;

And many a lady for my love hath said alas.

To me no man is maked,

Wonder wide walketh my fame,

For Manhood Mighty that is my name.

[He stands proudly on the steps of the throne, his

back to the World, as if he were the king.

Conscience turns and comes forward, quietly,

and yet with a beautiful dignity.

Conscience. *[Speaking to the audience.]* Christ, as he
 is crowned king,

Stalworthy. Stalwart.

Maked. Matched.

Save all this comely company,
 And grant you all his dear blessing,
 That bonnerly bought you on the rood-tree.
 Methinks it is a necessary thing
 For young and old, both rich and poor,
 Poor Conscience for to know,
 For Conscience clear it is my name
 All the world doth Conscience hate,
 Mankind and Conscience been at debate,
 For if Mankind might Conscience take
 My body would they brast:
 Brast, yea, and work me much woe.

*[Conscience slowly passes before the throne. Man-
 hood springs down from the steps and bars
 the way with his sword.]*

Manhood. Say how, fellow, who gave thee leave this
 way to go?

What! weenest thou I dare not come thee to?

Conscience. What! let me go, sir; I know you nought.

Manhood. No, wretched caitiff, thou shalt be taught,
 For I am a knight, and I were sought;

The world hath avanced me.

Conscience. Why, good sir knight, what is your name?

Manhood. Manhood, mighty in mirth and in game,
 All power of pride have I ta'en:

I am as gentle as jay on tree.

Conscience. Sir, though the World have you to man-
 hood brought,

To maintain manner ye were never taught;

Bonnerly. Courteously.

Brast. Burst.

Rood-tree. Tree of the Cross.

Caitiff. Mean, base fellow.

No, Conscience clear ye know right nought,
And this longeth to a knight.

Manhood. Conscience! what the devil man is he?

Conscience. Sir, a teacher of the spirituality.

Manhood. Spirituality! what the devil may that be?

Conscience. Sir, all that be leaders into light.

Manhood. Light! yea, but hark, fellow, yet light
fain would I see.

Conscience. Manhood, ye must love God above all
thing,

And keep from evil company,

For doubt of folly doing.

Manhood. Folly! what thing callest thou folly?

Conscience. Sir, it is pride, wrath, and envy,

Sloth, covetise, and gluttony,

Pleasure the seventh is:

These seven sins I call folly.

Manhood. What, thou liest! to this seven

The World delivered me,

And said they were kings of great beauty,

And most of main and might.

But yet I pray thee, sir, tell me,

May I not go arrayed honestly?

Conscience. Yes, Manhood, hardily

In all manner of degree.

Manhood. But I must have sporting of play.

Conscience. Sickerly, Manhood, I say not nay:

But good governance keep both night and day,

And maintain meekness and all mercy.

Manhood. All mercy, Conscience: what may that be?

Doubt. Fear.

Sickerly. Surely, certainly.

Conscience. Sir, all discretion that God gave thee.

Manhood. Discretion I know not, so mot I the.

Conscience. Sir, it is all the wits that God hath
you send.

Manhood. Ah, Conscience! Conscience! now I know
and see

Thy cunning is much more than mine:

But yet I pray thee, sir, tell me,

What is most necessary for man in every time?

Conscience. Sir, in every time beware of folly:

Folly is full of false flattering;

In what occupation that ever ye be,

Always, ere ye begin, think on the ending for blame.

Now farewell, Manhood, I must wend.

Manhood. Now farewell, Conscience, mine own friend.

*[Manhood and Conscience clasp hands, and
Conscience returns to his place. Folly leaps
up, and mockingly watches Manhood as
he stands leaning on his sword, deep in thought.]*

Manhood. Ah, ah! now I have bethought me, if I
shall heaven win,

Conscience' teaching I must begin,

And clean forsake the kings of sin,

That the world me taught;

For Conscience clear I clepe my king,

And his knight in good doing.

*[The World bends forward and touches Manhood's
shoulder with his sceptre. Manhood half*

So mot I the. So might I thrive: a common phrase in the
old ballads.

Cunning. Knowledge, skill.

Clepe. Call.

*turns towards the throne, though he does not
look at the World.*

Yet the World I will not despise,
For both in church and in cheaping,
And in other places being,
The World findeth me all thing,
And doth me great service.

Folly. [Springing forward and speaking to the audience.]

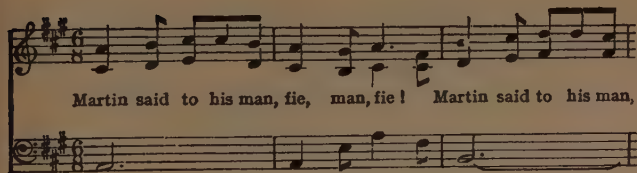
What, heigho! care away!

My name is Folly, I am not gay.

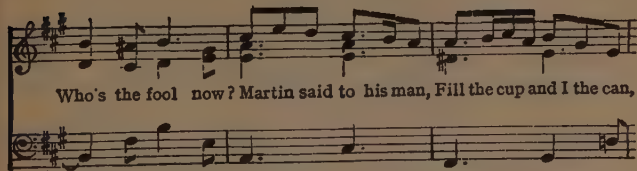
Is there any man that will say nay

That renneth in this rout? *[Sings his song.]*

WHO'S THE FOOL NOW?



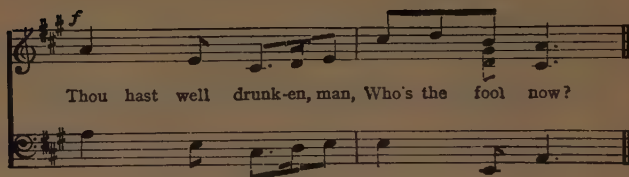
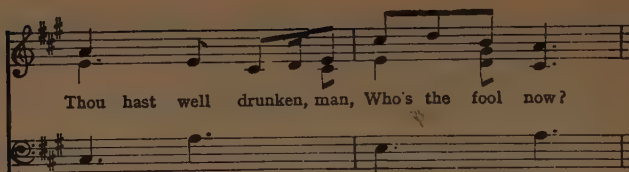
Martin said to his man, fie, man, fie! Martin said to his man,



Who's the fool now? Martin said to his man, Fill the cup and I the can,

Cheaping. Market.

Renneth in this rout. That crowds in this assembly.



I saw the man in the moon,
 Fie! man, fie!
 I saw the man in the moon;
 Who's the fool now?
 I saw the man in the moon
 Clouting of St. Peter's shoon;
 Thou hast well drunken, man—
 Who's the fool now?

I saw a mouse catch a cat;
 Fie! man, fie!
 I saw a mouse catch a cat;
 Who's the fool now?
 I saw a mouse catch a cat,
 And the cheese eat the rat;
 Thou hast well drunken, man—
 Who's the fool now?

[*To Manhood.*] Ah, sir, God give you good eve.
Manhood. What art thou? art thou any craftsman?
Folly. Yea, sir, I can bind a sieve and tink a pan,

And thereto a curious buckler-player I am.

[*He draws his wooden dagger.*]

Arise, fellow, will thou assay?

[*A round of sword-play—Folly twists and darts from the strokes of Manhood, and pokes and strikes him with his wooden dagger. At last Manhood puts up his sword.*]

Manhood. Now truly, sir, I trow thou canst but little skill of play.

Folly. [*Striking an absurd attitude.*] Yes, by Cock's bones, that I can.

I will never flee for no man

That walketh by the way.

Manhood. Now hark, fellow, I pray thee tell me thy name.

Folly. I-wis, I hight both Folly and Shame.

Manhood. Ah, ah! thou art he that Conscience did blame,

When he me taught.

I pray thee, Folly, go hence, and follow not me.

Folly. Yes, good sir, let me your servant be.

Manhood. Nay, so mot I the,

For then a shrew I had caught.

Folly. Why, good sir, what is your name?

Manhood. Manhood Mighty, that beareth no blame.

Folly. By the rood, and Manhood serveth in every game

Some deal to cherish Folly:

For Folly is fellow with the World,

I-wis. Certainly. *Hight.* Am called.

Shrew. Rascal. *Some deal.* M.E. "sumdel," somewhat.

And greatly beloved by many a lord,
 And if ye put me out of your ward,
 The world right wrath will be.

Manhood. Yea, sir, yet had I liever the world be
 wrath,

Than lose the cunning that Conscience me gave.
Folly. A cuckoo for Conscience; he is but a daw:

He cannot else but preach.

Manhood. Yea, I pray thee, leave thy lewd clattering,
 For Conscience is a councillor for a king.

I pray thee, Folly, go hence and follow not me.

Folly. Yes, sir, so mot I the,
 Your servant will I be.

I ask but meat and drink.

Manhood. Yea, Folly, will thou be my true servant?

Folly. Yea, Sir Manhood, here my hand.

Manhood. Now let us drink at this comnant,
 For that is courtesy.

Folly. Marry, master, ye shall have in haste.
 Ah, ah, sirs, let the cat wink,
 For all ye wot not what I think,
 I shall draw him such a draught of drink,
 That Conscience he shall away cast.

[*He brings big pewter tankards of ale.*]

Have, master, and drink well
 And let us make revel, revel,
 For I swear by the church of Saint Michael
 I would we were at the town:
 For there is nothing but revel rout.

Ward. Guardianship.
Lewd. Ignorant.

Liever. Rather.
Comnant. Covenant.

And we were there, I had no doubt
I should be knowen all about,
Where Conscience would not be known.

Manhood. Peace, Folly, my fair friend,
For I would not that Conscience should me here find.
Folly. Tush, master, thereof speak no thing,
For Conscience cometh no time here.

Manhood. Peace, Folly, there is no man here that
knoweth me.

Folly. Sir, here is my troth I plight to thee,
And thou wilt go thither with me,
For Knowledge have thou no care.

Manhood. Peace, but it is hence a great way.

Folly. Pardè, sir, we may be there on a day.
Yea, and we shall be right welcome, I dare well say,
In Eastcheap for to dine:
And then we will with lombards at passage play,
And at the Pope's-Head sweet wine assay,
We shall be lodged well a-fine.

Manhood. What sayest thou, Folly, is this the best?

Folly. Sir, all this is Manhood, well thou knowest.

Manhood. Now, Folly, go we hence in haste.

But fain would I change my name:
For well I wot, if Conscience meet me in this tide,
Right well I wot, he would me chide.

Folly. Sir, for fear of you his face he shall hide:
I shall clepe you Shame.
Come after, Shame, I thee pray,

Lombards. Bankers or money-lenders, so called from the
number of Lombard bankers in London.

Passage. A game at dice.

And Conscience clear ye cast away.

Lo, sirs, this Folly teacheth aye:

For where Conscience cometh with his cunning

Yet Folly full featly shall make him blind.

Folly before, and Shame behind.

Lo, sirs, thus fareth the world alway.

*[As they are going out Conscience comes forward
and stands in their way.]*

Conscience. Say, Manhood, friend, whither will ye
gone?

Manhood. Nay, sir, in faith my name is not so.

Why, frere, what the devil hast thou to do,

Whether I go or abide?

Conscience. Yes, sir, I will counsel you for the best.

Manhood. I will none of thy counsel, so have I rest:

I will go whither me lest,

For thou canst nought else but chide.

*[He impatiently frees himself from Conscience, and
goes out with Folly.]*

Conscience. Now Manhood is forth with Folly wende,
To seek Perseverance now will I go.

*[Turns to the other figure beyond the throne of the
World, takes his hand, and leads him forward.]*

Perseverance. *[To the audience.]* Now, Christ, our
comely creator, clearer than crystal clear,
That craftly made every creature by good recrea-
tion,

Featly. Neatly, dexterously.

Me lest. It pleases me.

Recreation. In literal sense (man is born or created anew
in Christ).

Save all this company that is gathered here
bidene,

And set all your souls into good salvation.

Sirs, Perseverance is my name,

And now in this presence to Christ I pray,

Ere that I hence wend away,

Some good word that I may say

To borrow man's soul from blame.

Age comes in, bent and shaking and wretched.

Age. Alas! alas! that me is woe!

My life, my liking, I have forlorn,

My rents, my riches, it is all y-go:

Alas the day that I was born!

Alas, Death, why lettest thou me live so long?

I wander as a wight in woe and care;

For I have done ill.

Now wend I will

Myself to spill,

I care not whither nor where.

Perseverance. [*Taking his hand.*] Well, y-met, sir,
well y-met; and whither away?

Age. Why, good sir, whereby do ye say?

Perseverance. Tell me, sir, I you pray,

And I with you will wend.

Age. Why, good sir, what is your name?

Perseverance. Forsooth, sir, Perseverance, the same.

Bidene. At once, at the same time.

To borrow. To secure (a borrow is a pledge).

Forlorn. Completely lost.

Spill. Destroy.

Age. Sir, ye are Conscience' brother, that me did blame,

I may not with you linger.

[He is going away, when Perseverance catches him by the arm and holds him back.]

Perseverance. Yes, yes, Manhood, my friend in fere.

Age. Nay, sir, my name is in another manner.

For Folly his own self was here,

And hath cleped me Shame.

Perseverance. Shame?

Nay, Manhood, let him go:

Folly and his fellows also,

For they would bring thee into care and woe,

And all that will follow his game.

Age. *[In sad despair.]* Folly hath given me a name,

So, wherever I go,

He cleped me Shame.

Now Manhood is gone,

Folly hath followed me so.

Sharply he beset me,

From Conscience he fet me:

He would not from me go.

Perseverance. A new name I shall give you too:

I clepe you Repentance

For, and you here repent your sin,

Ye are possible heaven to win.

Age. I am sorry for my sin both day and night.

I would fain learn with all my might

How I should heaven win.

Perseverance. Sir, there are five wits bodily,

Fet. Fetched.

And, sir, other five wits there be,
They are the power of the soul:
Clear in mind, there is one,
Imagination and all reason,
Understanding and compassion:
These belong unto Perseverance.

Age. Gramercy, Perseverance, for your true teaching,
For in the spirit of my soul will I find
That it is necessary to all mankind
Truly for to know.

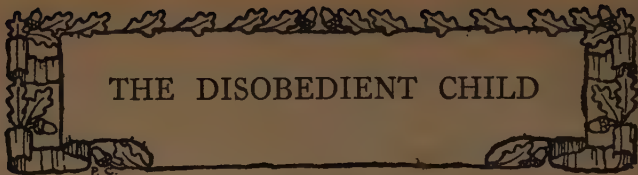
[*To the audience.*] Now, sirs, take all ensample by me,
How I was born in simple degree,
The world royal received me,
And dubbed me a knight,
Then Conscience met me,
So after him came Folly:
Folly falsely deceived me,
Then Shame my name hight.

Perseverance. Yea, and now is your name Repentance,
Through the grace of God almighty.

[*To the audience.*] And therefore without any
distance

I take my leave of king and knight,
And I pray to Jesu, which has made us all,
Cover you with his mantle perpetual.





THE DISOBEDIENT CHILD

"A pretie and mery new Enterlude, called the Disobedient Child, compiled by Thomas Ingelend, late Student in Cambridge. Imprinted at London, in Flete Strete, beneath the Conduit, by Thomas Colwell, 1560."

THE PLAYERS

THE PROLOGUE SPEAKER.

THE RICH MAN.

THE RICH MAN'S SON.

THE MAN COÖK.

THE WOMAN COOK.

THE YOUNG WOMAN.

THE SERVINGMAN.

THE PRIEST.

THE DEVIL.

THE PERORATOR.

STAGING AND COSTUMES

As for every other play, a satisfactory setting, however simple, is essential, and the costumes and grouping of the actors must be shown up against a good wall space or well-hung curtains. This "interlude" belongs to a period of very beautiful dress, as yet unspoiled by the eccentricity and extravagance of the fashions of the later sixteenth century. Both colours and fabrics throughout the century are splendid—peach, tawny, orange, marigold, saffron, carnation, crimson, scarlet, "Coventry" blue, are favourite shades, and constant mention is made of damask, sendal, taffeta, silk, and velvet as materials for the clothes of both women and men. It is, of course, impossible to spend money on such splendour for a play which is to be the wonder of an hour in school, but in choosing materials it is well to search

for those that have a stiff, brilliant effect, and avoid pale flimsy stuffs which look uninteresting and dowdy on the stage. The various fashions of slashing and facing may be used to good purpose.

The parts of the prologue speaker and the perorator will generally be taken by one actor, who may wear a classical chiton of some glowing colour, such as geranium red, and a fillet, or be dressed in a tabard as a herald. If there is a drop-curtain, this figure should come before it to speak prologue and epilogue.

The rich man wears a long gown, shaped in at the waist, "garded" or faced with velvet or fur, or adorned with gold buttons, and with long hanging sleeves. His shoes are of stuff resembling soft leather, fitted close to the foot and decorated with rosettes. His collar is high and turned back, or he wears a small ruff. Of this characteristic sixteenth-century decoration Mr. Percy Macquoid says: "The ruff, introduced by Catherine dei Medici into France on her marriage with Henry II. (1533), was then no more than a small and simple frill, encircling the neck as high as the ears, but it increased so quickly in size in this country that even before Shakespeare's birth an edict had been issued (in 1562) against the wearing of great ruffs. This decree was evidently efficacious, as the ruff from that date till 1577 consisted merely of pleated frills of fine linen and cambric, sometimes edged with lace, of about three inches wide by two inches thick. But the rage for eccentricity of size must soon have recommenced. The proportions of the ruff again began to increase, and seem to have attained their greatest elaboration after 1580." The spoiled son should at first appear as something of a dandy, whether he wears tunic and hose, which are easily made and quite correct and effective, or long hose, a slashed doublet, and "trunks," or breeches

reaching half-way to the knee and stuffed, though not so much as to attain the absurd proportions they assumed later in the century. For his wedding he may wear a short gaily-coloured cloak, and during his henpecked married life a torn and shabby one. The fashion mentioned by Shakespeare in *King John* of sticking a rose behind the ear is a very pretty one for the stage. As a bridegroom the young man wears a bunch of rosemary tied with ribbons. The young woman, as a bride, would wear white or russet, with "favours," made of ribbons tied in true-lover's knots, ornamenting her gown. Blue, red, flame, and orange ribbons may be safely used—certain colours, for their ill significance, were rejected. At her marriage, her hair would be loosened; afterwards she should wear one of the becoming caps to be seen in so many portraits of women of the early Tudor period. Her dress is cut rather low and square in front, with upstanding collar, sleeves double, or made with little puffs at the shoulders, and skirt full, being put on over a farthingale, or petticoat made of canvas with hoops of whalebone or steel. This garment is not really necessary until the "cartwheel" of the later sixteenth century must be represented: judicious wiring will sufficiently distend the skirt of its middle years.

The man cook wears a fustian tunic, blue or russet, faced with red, a belt, a flat cap, coarse stockings, and shoes fitting the shape of his foot: the woman a plain blue dress, full-skirted, an apron, a linen cap fitting closely to her head, and a piece of linen folded neatly round her neck. Doublet and hose equip the serving-man, and his doublet may have hanging sleeves on which is embroidered the coat-of-arms of his master. The priest wears the usual cassock and biretta. A "great carnation nose," a "flaming face," a "calfskin suit" were neces-

sary for an actor who would disguise himself as the Devil. The "Ho, ho, ho!" of his roaring voice in most characteristic, and the "O" which recurs during his soliloquy in this play is not merely an interjection—it is a sort of groaning roar.

"If ye list, ye may bring in a disguising," grants the author of another morality play, and if pageantry is wanted, it may appropriately be introduced at the wedding. A contemporary description tells of how a bride was led to church between "two sweet boys, with bride-laces and rosemary tied about their silken sleeves." A bride-cup of silver and gilt, containing a branch of rosemary, gilded and beribboned, was borne before her, and she was followed by maidens carrying bride-cakes or garlands of wheat, finely gilded. In some modern girls' schools the old dances are taught as part of the drill lesson, and a morris, a dump, Sellinger's Round, a galliard, a pavan, or a brawl would come in prettily during this scene.

TEXT OF THE INTERLUDE

Enter the Prologue Speaker.

Prologue Speaker. Now, forasmuch as in these latter days,

Throughout the whole world in every land,

Vice doth increase, and virtue decays;

Iniquity having the upper hand;

We therefore intend, good gentle audience,

A pretty short interlude to play at this present:

Desiring your leave and quiet silence

To show the same, as is meet and expedient.

In the city of London there was a Rich Man

Who, loving his son most tenderly,
 Moved him earnestly now and then
 That he would give his mind to study,
 His son, notwithstanding this gentle monition,
 As one that was clean devoid of grace,
 Did turn to a mock and open derision
 Most wickedly with an unshamefast face;
 Insomuch that, contrary to his father's will,
 Unto a young woman he did consent
 Whereby of joy he might have his fill,
 And married the same incontinent.
 But now it is time for me to be going,
 And hence to depart for a certain space,
 For I do hear the Rich Man coming
 With the wanton boy into this place.

† [*Here the Prologue Speaker goeth out, and in
 cometh the Rich Man and his Son.*]

Son. [*In a conceited, indifferent voice.*] Father, I
 beseech you, father, show me the way,
 What thing I were best to take in hand,
 Whereby this short life so spend I may,
 That all grief and trouble I might withstand.

Father. I see nothing truly, my son, so meet,
 And to prove so profitable for thee,
 As unto the school to move thy feet,
 With studious lads there for to be.

Son. [*Amused and superior.*] What, the school! nay,
 father, nay!

Incontinent. Immediately.

Wanton. Gay, frolicsome, or (as here) without education.

School. The boy is apparently about fifteen.

Go to the school is not the best way.

Father. Say what thou list, for I cannot invent

A way more commodious to my judgment.

Son. When all is said, and all is done,

Concerning all things, both more and less,

Yet like to the school none under the sun

Bringeth to children so much heaviness.

Father. [*Trying to reason with him.*] What though it

be painful, what though it be grievous,

For so be all things at the first learning,

Yet marvellous pleasure it bringeth unto us,

As a reward for such painstaking.

Wherefore come off and be of good cheer,

And go to thy book without any fear,

For a man without knowledge (as I have read)

May well be compared to one that is dead.

Son. [*Determinedly.*] No more of the school; no more
of the book;

That woful work is not for my purpose,

For upon those books I may not look:

If so I did, my labour I should lose.

Father. Why then, to me thy fancy doth express

That the school matters to thee are counted
weariness.

Son. Yea, by my troth, such kind of wisdom

Is to my heart, I tell you, very loathsome.

Father. What trial thereof hast thou taken,

That the school of thee is so ill bespoken?

Son. What trial thereof would ye fain know?

Nothing more easy than this to show:

List. Desirest.

For as the bruit goeth by many a one,
 Their tender bodies both night and day
 Are whipped and scourged, and beat like a stone,
 That from top to toe the skin is away.

Father. But I am sure that this kind of fashion
 Is not shown to children of honest condition.

Son. Father, this thing I could not have believed,
 But of late days I did behold
 An honest man's son hereby buried,
 Which through many stripes was dead and cold.

Father. [*Dismissing the story as absurd.*]
 Peradventure, the child of some disease did labour,
 Which was the cause of his sepulture.

Son. With no disease, surely, was he disquieted,
 As unto me it was then reported.

Father. [*Unable to resist asking for the story.*]
 If that with no such thing he were infected,
 What was the cause that he departed?

Son. [*With the air of one telling a gruesome story.*]
 Men say that of this man, his cruel master,
 Who like a lion most commonly frowned,
 Being hanged up by the heels together,
 Was over his body grievously whipped;
 And last of all (which to speak I tremble)
 That his head to the wall he had often crushed.

Father. [*Half convinced.*] Thus to think, son, thou
 art beguiled verily.

Son. If Demosthenes and Tully were present truly,

Bruit. Rumour. *Of honest condition.* Of respectable rank.
Sepulture. Burial.

Demosthenes and Tully (or Cicero). Famous Greek and
 Roman orators.

They could not print it my head more deeply.

Father. [*Trying new tactics.*] Yet, by thy father's will and intercession,

Thou shalt be content that thing to pardon.

Son. Command what ye list, that only excepted,

And I will be ready your mind to fulfil,

But whereas I should to the school have resorted,

My hand to the palmer submitting still,

I will not obey ye therein, to be plain,

Though with a thousand strokes I be slain.

Father. Woe is me, my son, woe is me!

This heavy and doleful day to see.

Son. [*Realising that he is getting the better of the discussion.*] I grant indeed I am your son;

But you my father shall not be,

If that you will cast me into that prison,

Where torn in pieces ye might me see.

Father. [*Quite overcome.*] Where I might see thee torn and rent?

O Lord, I could not such a deed invent!

What trade then, I pray thee, shall I devise,

Whereof thy living at length may arise?

Wilt thou follow warfare, and a soldier be
'ppointed.

And so among Troyans and Romans be numbered?

Son. Ye speak worse and worse, whatever ye say;

This manner of life is not a good way,

For no kind of office can me please,

Which is subject to wounds and strokes always.

Palmer. The one who smites his palm, *i.e.* the school-master.

Father. [*At his wits' end.*] Well, I do not see that any good art,

Or else any science or occupation,
Thou wilt be content to have a part,
After thy father's mind and exhortation.

Son. [*With bitter amusement.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha, labour in very deed!

God send him that life which stands in need!
There be many fathers that children have,
And yet not make the worst of them a slave,
Might not you of yourself be well ashamed,
Which would have your son thither constrained?

Father. [*Apologetically.*] I would not have thee driven to that succour,

Yet for because the scriptures declare
That he should not eat which will not labour,
Some work to do it must be thy care.

Son. Father, it is but a folly with you to strive,
But yet notwithstanding I hope to thrive.

Father. That this thine intent may take good success,
I pray God heartily of his goodness.

Son. Well, well, shall I in few words rehearse
What thing doth most my conscience pierce?

Father. Therewith I am, son, very well contented.

Son. [*A little nervous in spite of himself.*] Yea, but I think that ye will not be pleased.

Father. Indeed, peradventure it may so chance.

Son. Nay, but I pray ye, without any perchance,
Shall not my request turn to your grievance?

Father. If it be just and lawful, which thou dost require—

Son. Both just and lawful, have ye no fear.

Father. Now therefore ask; what is thy petition?

Son. Lo, this it is, without further dilation;

Forsomuch as all young men for this my beauty,

As the moon the stars, I do far excel,

Therefore out of hand, with all speed possibly,

To have a wife, methink, would do well,

For now I am young, lively, and lusty,

And welcome besides to all men's company.

Father. [*Thoroughly roused at last.*] Good Lord, good
Lord, what do I hear?

Son. [*Reproachfully.*] Is this your beginning to
perform my desire?

Father. Alas! my child, what meaneth thy doting?
Why dost thou court thy own undoing?

Son. [*Aside.*] I know not in the world how to do the
thing,

That to his stomach may be delighting.

Father. Why, foolish idiot, thou goest about a wife,
Which is a burden and yoke all thy life.

Son. Admit she shall as a burden with me remain,
Yet will I take one, if your good will I attain.

Father. Son, it shall not be thus, by my counsel.

Son. [*Plaintively.*] I trust ye will not me otherwise
compel.

Father. If thou were as wise as I have judged thee,
Thou wouldest in this case be ruled by me.

Son. To follow the contrary I cannot be turned;
My heart thereon is stiffly fixed.

Lusty. Vigorous.

Stomach. Inclination, taste.

Father. [*Resignedly.*] I perceive therefore I have done too well,

And showed overmuch favour to thee,
That now against me thou dost rebel,
And for thine own furtherance wilt not agree;
Wherefore of my goods thou gettest not a penny,
Nor any succour else at my hands,
For such a child is most unworthy
To have any part of his father's lands.

Son. I do not esteem, father, your goods or lands,
Or any part of all your treasure;
For I judge it enough to be out of bands,
And from this day forward to take my pleasure.

Father. Well, if it still chance thee thy folly to repent,
As thou art like within short space,
Think none but thyself worthy to be shent,
Letting my counsel to take no place.

Son. [*With airy indifference.*] As touching that matter
I will no man blame:

Now, farewell, father, most heartily for the same.

Father. [*Sorrowfully.*] Farewell, my son, depart in
God's name!

Son. Room, I say; room, let me gone;
My father, if he list, shall tarry alone.

† [*Here the Son goeth out, and the Rich Man tarrieth behind alone.*]

Father. If I might live a hundred years longer,
And should have sons and daughters many,
Yet for this boy's sake I will not suffer
One of them all at home with me to tarry;

Shent. Scolded, blamed.

They should not be kept thus under my wing,
And have all that which they desire;
For why it is but their only undoing,
And, after the proverb, we put oil to the fire.
Wherefore we parents must have a regard
Our children in time for to subdue,
Or else we shall have them ever untoward,
Yea, spiteful, disdainful, naught and untrue;
And let us thrust them alway to the school,
Whereby at their books they may be kept under:
And so we shall shortly their courage cool,
And bring them to honesty, virtue and nurture.
But, alas, now-a-days (the more is the pity),
Science and learning is so little regarded,
That none of us doth muse or study
To see our children well instructed.
We deck them, we trim them with gorgeous array,
We pamper and feed them, and keep them so gay,
That in the end of all this they be our foes.
We bass them, we kiss them, we look round about;
We marvel and wonder to see them so lean;
We ever anon do invent and seek out
To make them go tricky, gallant, and clean:
Which is nothing else but the very provoking
To all unthriftiness, vice, and iniquity;
It puffeth them up, it is an alluring
Their fathers and mothers at length to defy.
Now my son is hence from me departed,
He hath no delight with me to dwell;

Untoward. Not easily guided.

Science. Knowledge.

Bass. Kiss.

He is not merry, until he be married,
He hath of knavery such a smell.
But yet seeing he is my son,
He doth me constrain bitterly to weep,
I am not (methink) well till I be gone;
For this place I can no longer keep.

† [*Here the Rich Man goeth out, and the two cooks cometh in ; first the one, and then the other.*]

II

Enter the Man Cook (Long-tongue) with a purse of money and a big basket. He bustles about in great excitement.

Man Cook. [*Calling to the Maid, who is evidently gossiping in the kitchen.*] Make haste,
Blanche, blab it out, and come away,
For we have enough to do all this whole day;
[*More and more fussily distracted.*]

Why, Blanche, blab it out, wilt thou not come,
And knowest what business there is to be done?
If thou may be set with the pot at thy nose,
Thou carest not how other matters goes;
Come away, I bid thee, and tarry no longer,
To trust to thy help I am much the better!

Enter Maid, with iron pot from the fire, and pot-hook.

Maid. What a murrain, I say, what a noise dost thou make!

Murrain. Cattle disease: the word was often used as a form of oath.

I think that thou be not well in thy wits!

I never heard man on this sort to take,

With such angry words and hasty fits.

Man. [*With growing exasperation.*] Why, dost thou
remember what is to be bought

For the great bridal against to-morrow?

The market must be in every place sought

For all kinds of meats, God give thee sorrow!

Maid. [*Pathetically.*] What banging, what cursing,
Long-tongue, is with thee!

I made as much speed as I could possibly!

I wis thou mightest have tarried for me,

Until in all points I had been ready;

I have for thee looked full oft heretofore,

And yet, for all that, said never the more.

Man. [*Pacified.*] Well, for this once I am with thee
content,

So that hereafter thou make more haste;

Or else, I tell thee, thou wilt it repent,

To loiter so long, till the market be past,

For there must be bought beef, veal, and mutton,

And that even such as is good and fat,

With pig, geese, conies, and capon;

How sayest thou, Blanche? blab it out unto that!

Maid. [*Much impressed.*] I cannot tell, Long-tongue,
what I should say;

Of such good cheer I am so glad,

That if I could not eat at all that day,

My body to fill I were very mad!

I wis is for M.E. adv. *i-wis*; certainly.

Conies. Rabbits.

Capon. Fowl.

Man. [*Dwelling on the good things with pleasure.*]

There must be also pheasant and swan;

There must be heronsew, partridge, and quail;

[*Again seized with nervous exasperation.*]

And therefore I must do what I can,

That none of all these the gentleman fail.

I daresay he looks for many things mo,

To be prepared against to-morrow to-morn;

Wherefore, I say, hence let us go:

My feet do stand upon a thorn.

Maid. [*Coaxing him.*] Nay, good Long-tongue, I
pray once again

To hear yet of my mind a word or twain.

Man. [*As if persuaded against his better judgment
to listen.*] Come off, then: dispatch, and
speak it quickly,

For what thing it is thou causest me tarry.

Maid. [*In the voice of one ready for a good gossip.*]
Of whence is this gentleman that to-morrow is
married?

Where doth his father and his mother dwell?

Above forty miles he hath travelled,

As yesternight his servant did tell.

Man. [*Nodding his head with the importance of one
who knows all about it.*] They say that his
friends be rich and wealthy,

And in the city of London have their dwelling,

But yet of them all he hath no penny

To spend and bestow here at his wedding.

And if it be true that his servant did say,

Heronsew. Young heron.

Mo. More.

He hath utterly lost his friends' good-will,
Because he would not their counsel obey,
And in his own country tarry still;
As for this woman, which he shall marry,
At St. Albans always hath spent her life.

[Very confidentially.]

I think she be a shrew, I tell thee plainly,
And full of debate, malice, and strife.

Maid. Though I never saw this woman before,
Which hither with him this gentleman brought,
Yet nevertheless I have tokens in store
To judge of a woman that is froward and
naught.

The tip of her nose is as sharp as mine,
Her tongue and her tune is very shrill;
I warrant her she comes of an ungracious kin,
And loveth too much her pleasure and will:
What though she be now so neat and so nice,
And speaketh so gentle as ever I heard:
Yet young men, which be both witty and wise,
Such looks and such words should not regard.

[Folds her hands with an omniscient expression.]

Man. *[In a superior mood, teasing her.]* Blanche,
blab it out; thou sayest very true;

I think thou beginnest at length to preach:
This thing to me is strange and new
To hear such a fool young men to teach.

Maid. *[Astounded and resentful.]* A fool! mine own
Long-tongue! why call'st thou me fool!

Though now in the kitchen I waste the day,
Yet in times past I went to school,

And of my Latin primer I took assay.

Man. [*To the audience, as if in utter amazement.*]

Masters, this woman did take such assay,
And then in those days so applied her book,
That one word thereof she carried not away,
But then of a scholar was made a cook.

I daresay she knoweth not how her primer began,
Which of her master she learned then.

Maid. [*On her mettle.*] I trow it began with *Domine, labia aperies.*

Man. [*Pretending not to understand.*] What, did it
begin with "butter de peas"?

Maid. I tell thee again, with *Domine, labia aperies,*
If now to hear it be thine ease.

Man. [*As if trying hard to make it out.*] How, how,
with "my madam lay in the pease"?

Maid. I think thou art mad!—[*Very distinctly.*]—
with *Domine, labia aperies.*

Man. Yea, marry, I judged it went such ways;
It began with "Dorothy, lay up the keys!"

Maid. [*Exasperated.*] Nay then, good night; I
perceive by this gear,

That none is so deaf as who will not hear;
I spake as plainly as I could devise,
Yet me understand thou canst in no wise!

Man. Why, yet once again, and I will better listen,
And look upon thee how thy lips do open.

[*Gazes at her intently.*]

Took assay. Made a trial.

Domine, labia aperies. Lord, open Thou my lips.

Gear. Matter.

Maid. Well, mark then, and hearken once for all,
Or else hear it again thou never shall;

[*Very loudly and distinctly.*

My book, I say, began with *Domine, labia aperiens*.

Man. [*As if suddenly enlightened.*] Fie, fie, how slow
am I of understanding!

Was it all this while *Domine, labia aperiens*?

Belike I have lost my sense of hearing

With broiling and burning in the kitchen o' days.

Maid. I promise thee thou seemest to have done
little better,

For that I wot in my life I never saw

One like to thyself in so easy a matter,

Unless he were deaf, thus play the daw.

Man. [*Again fussing about the stage.*] Come on, come
on, we have almost forgotten

Such plenty of victuals as we should buy;

It were alms, by my troth, thou were well beaten,

Because so long thou hast made me tarry.

Maid. Tush, tush, we shall come in very good season,

If so be thou goest as fast as I;

Take up thy basket, and quickly have done,

We will be both there by and by.

I for my part will never leave running,

Until that I come to the sign of the Whiting.

† [*Here the two cooks run out, and in cometh the
Young Man and the Young Woman, his
lover.*

(*The cooks go out with the usual confusion and
small accidents of over-haste. The Young*

Woman comes in first, and is a little disconsolate because her lover is not at the trysting-place.)

Young Woman. Where is my sweeting, whom I do seek?

He promised to have met me here:
Till I speak with him I think it is a week,
For he is my joy, he is my cheer!
There is no night, there is no day,
But that my thoughts be all of him;
I have no delight if he be away:
Such toys in my head do ever swim.

Enter the Young Man.

But behold at the last, where he doth come.
For whom my heart desired long;
Now shall I know, all and some,
Or else I would say I had great wrong.

Young Man. My darling, my coney, my bird so bright of ble:

Sweetheart, I say, all hail to thee!

[Seeing that she seems offended with him.]

How do our loves? be they fast asleep?
Or the old liveliness do they still keep?

Young Woman. *[Reproachfully.]* Do ye ask, an my love be fast asleep?

O, if a woman may utter her mind,
My lover had almost made me to weep,
Because that even now I did not you find;

Coney. See page 77. A favourite term of endearment.
Bright of ble. Bright of complexion, colour.

I thought it surely a whole hundred year,
Till in this place I saw you here.

Young Man. Alack, alack, I am sorry for this!

I had such business, I might not come;

But ye may perceive what my wit is,

How small regard I have and wisdom.

Young Woman. Whereas ye ask me concerning my
love,

I well assure you it doth daily augment;

Nothing can make me start or move;

You only to love is mine intent.

Young Man. And as for my love it doth never relent,

For of you I do dream, of you I do think;

To dinner and supper I never went,

But of beer and wine to you I did drink;

Now of such things therefore to make an end,

Which pitiful lovers do cruelly torment,

To marriage, in God's name, let us descend,

As unto this hour we have been bent.

Young Woman. Your will to accomplish I am as
ready

As any woman, believe me truly.

Young Man. This ring then I give you as a token sure,

Whereby our love shall always endure.

[*He puts it on her finger.*]

Young Woman. With a pure pretence your pledge I
take gladly,

For a sign of our love, faith, and fidelity.

Young Man. [*Highly delighted with himself.*] Now I
am safe, now I am glad;

Pretence. Intention.

Methought till now I was too sad,
Wherefore, sadness, fly hence again!
Away with those words which my father brought
out!

Away with his sageness and exhortation!
He could not make me his fool or his lout,
And put me besides this delectation.
Did he judge that I would go to the school,
And might my time spend after this sort?
I am not his calf or his fool;

This virgin I kiss is my comfort,
Young Woman. Well then, I pray you, let us be
married,

For methinks from it we have long tarried.

Young Man. Agreed, my sweeting, it shall be then done,
Since that thy goodwill I have gotten and won.

Young Woman. [*Anxiously.*] There would this day
be very good cheer,

That every one his stomach may fill,
And three or four minstrels would be here,
That none in the house sit idle or still.

Young Man. [*With boastful assurance.*] Take ye no
thought for abundance of meat

That should be spent at our bridal,
For there shall be enough for all men to eat,
And minstrels besides there shall not fail.

Young Woman. Wherefore then (I pray ye) shall we
go to our inn,

And look that everything be made ready?
Or else all is not worth a brass pin;
Such haste is required in matrimony.

Young Man. I think six o'clock it is not much past,
But yet to the priest we will make haste,
That according to custom we may be both coupled,
And with a strong knot for ever bound fast:
Yet, ere I depart, some song I will sing,
To the intent to declare my joy without fear,
And in the meantime you may, my sweeting,
Rest yourself in this little chair.

THE SONG

I

Spite of his spite, which that in vain
Doth seek to force my fantasy,
I am professed for loss or gain
To be thine own assuredly.

Wherefore let my father spite and spurn,
My fantasy will never turn.

II

Although my father of busy wit
Doth babble still, I care not tho';
I have no fear, nor yet will flit
As doth the water to and fro;
Wherefore, etc.

III

This minion here, this mincing trull,
Doth please me more a thousand-fold

Than all the earth that is so full
Of precious stones, silver and gold;
Wherefore, etc.

IV

This day I intended for to be merry,
Although my hard father be far hence,
I know no cause for to be heavy,
For all this cost and great expense;
Wherefore, etc.

Note. For this Song the following may be substituted:

MY LITTLE PRETTY ONE

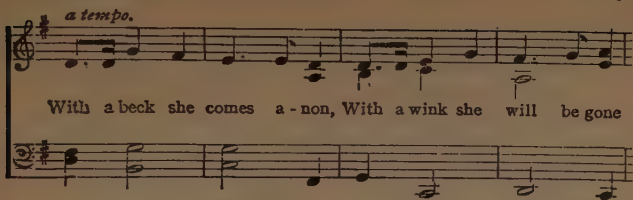
My lit - tle pret - ty one, My pret - ty ho - ney one,

The musical notation is for a song in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the bass line is on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

She is a jol - ly one, And gen - tle as can be.

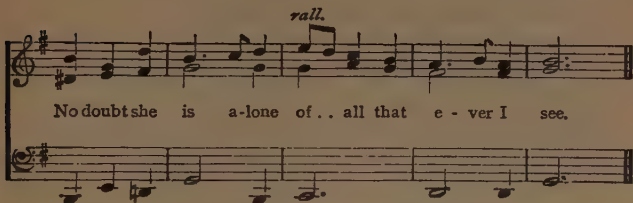
The musical notation continues on a new system. The treble staff has a *rall.* (rallentando) marking above it. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

a tempo.



With a beck she comes a-non, With a wink she will be gone

rall.



No doubt she is a-lone of.. all that e-ver I see.

Young Man. How like ye this song, my own sweet rose?

Is it well made for our purpose?

Young Woman. I never heard in all my life a better,
More pleasant, more meet for the matter;
Now let us go then, the morning is nigh gone,
We cannot any longer here remain.
Farewell, good masters every one,
Till from the church we come again.

† [*Here they go out, and in cometh the Priest alone.*

Priest. [*Distracted and exasperated, in a middle-aged tut! tut! manner.*] Sirs, by my troth it is a world to see,

The exceeding negligence of every one,
Even from the highest to the lowest degree
Both goodness and conscience is clean gone.
There is a young gentleman in this town,

Who this same day must now be married:
Yet though I would bestow a crown,
That knave the clerk cannot be spied;
For he is safe, if that in the alehouse
He may sit tippling of nut-brown ale,
That oft he comes forth drunk as a mouse,
With a nose of his own not greatly pale;
And this is not once, but every day
Almost, of my faith, throughout the whole year.
That he these tricks doth use to play,
Without all shame, dread, and fear.
He knoweth himself that yesternight
The said young gentleman came to me,
And then desired that he might
This morning betimes married be.
Notwithstanding at this present there is no remedy
But to take time as it doth fall,
Wherefore I will go hence and make me ready,
For it helpeth not to chafe or brawl.

† [*Here the Priest goeth out, and in cometh the Rich Man.*]

The Rich Man. Coming this day forth of my chamber,
Even as for water to wash I did call,
By chance I espied a certain stranger,
Standing beneath within my hall;
Who in very deed came from the innholder,
Whereas for a time my son did lie,
And said that his master had sent me a letter,
And bad him to bring it with all speed possible;
Wherein he did write that as this day
That unthrift, my son, to a certain maid

Should then be wedded without further delay,
And hath borrowed more than will be paid.
I bad him thank his master most heartily,
And sent by him a piece of venison,
For that he vouchsafed to write so gently,
Touching the marrying and state of my son;
But notwithstanding I sent him no money
To pay such debts as my son did owe,
Because he had me forsaken utterly,
And me for his good father would not know;
And said that with him I would not make
From that day forward during my life,
But as he had brewed that so he should bake,
Since of his own choosing he got him a wife.

†[*Here the Rich Man goeth out, and in cometh the
Young Man his son with the Young Woman,
being both married.*

III

*The pageant of the marriage (see note on staging)
may be introduced here if liked. When it is
over, the masquers pass out, leaving the husband
and wife together. The following scene should not
be sentimental, but should go as speedily and
merrily as the gayest of love duets in a Gilbert and
Sullivan comic opera. The two speak in quick
excitement.*

Husband. O my sweet wife, my pretty coney!

Wife. O my husband, as pleasant as honey.

Forward. Agreement.

Husband. O Lord, what pleasures and great commodity
Are heaped together in matrimony!

Wife. How vehement, how strong a thing love is!
How many smirks and what sweet kisses!

Husband. What smiling, what laughing!
What sport, pastime, and playing!

Wife. What tickling, what toying,
What dallying, what joying!

Husband. The man with the wife is wholly delighted,
And with many causes to laughter enforced.

Wife. When they two drink, they drink together;
They never eat but with one another.

Husband. Sometimes to their garden forth they walk,
And into the fields sometimes they go,
With merry tricks and gestures they talk,
As they do move their feet to and fro.

Wife. Sometimes they ride into the country
Passing their time with mirth and sport;
And when, with their friends, they have been merry,
Home to their own house they do resort.

Husband. Sometimes abroad they go to see plays,
And other trim sights for to behold:
When often they meet in the highways
Much of their acquaintance they knew of old.

Wife. Sometimes to the church they do repair,
To hear the sermon that shall be made,
Though it to remember they shall have small care;
For why they be now but few of that trade.

Husband. Sometimes at home at cards they play,

Sweet. MS. gives "dulsome," for which "dulsum," meaning "sweet," has been suggested.

Sometimes at this game, sometimes at that;
They need not with sadness to pass the day,
Nor yet to sit still, or stand in one plat.

Wife. And as for us wives, occasions do move
Sometimes with our gossips to make good cheer,
Or else we did not, as did us behove,
For certain days and weeks in the year.

Husband. I think that a man might spend a whole day
Declaring the joys and endless bliss,
Which married persons receive alway,
If they love faithfully, as meet it is.

Wife. Wives cannot choose but love earnestly,
If that their husbands do all things well;
Or else, my sweetheart, so we shall espy,
That in quietness they cannot dwell.

Husband. If they do that not it may be a shame,
For I love you heartily, I you assure,
Or else I were truly greatly to blame,
Ye are so loving, so kind and demure.

Wife. I trust that with neither hand or foot
Ye shall see any occasion by me:
But that I love you even from the heart-root,
And during my life so intend to be.
But what is he that cometh yonder?
Do ye not think it is our man?
Somewhat there is that he hasteth hither,
For he makes as much speed as he can.

† *Here the Servant of the Rich Man's Son cometh in,
with an errand to his master.*

Servant. Master, there is a stranger at home,

Plat. Piece of ground.

Gossips. Friends.

He would very fain with you talk:
 For until that to him ye do come,
 Forth of the doors he will not walk.

Husband. Come on then, my wife, if it be so,
 Let us depart hence for a season:
 For I am not well, till I do know
 Of that man's coming the very reason.

† [*Here they both go out, and their Servant doth tarry behind alone.*]

Servant. [*Thoroughly depressed and ill-used.*] Let them
 go both, and do what they will,
 And of communication have their plenty:
 For I, by St. George, will tarry here still,
 In all my life I was never so weary!
 What kinds of meat, both flesh and fish,
 Have I, poor knave, to the table carried
 From time to time, dish after dish;
 My legs from going never ceased!
 What running had I for apples and nuts!
 What calling for biscuits, comfits, and caraways!
 A vengeance, said I, on the man who gluts,
 And makes me to turn so many ways!
 What crying was there for cards and dice!
 What roisting, what ruffling made they within!
 I counted them not greatly wise,
 For my head did almost ache with din.
 What babbling, what jangling was in the house!
 What quaffing, what bibbing with many a cup!

Caraways. Caraway comfits. *Roisting.* Blustering.
Ruffling. Swaggering.

That some lay along drunk as a mouse,
Not able so much as their heads to hold up!
What dancing, what leaping, what jumping about,
From bench to bench, and stool to stool,
That I wondered their brains did not fall out,
When they so outrageously played the fool!
What juggling was there upon the boards!
What thrusting of knives through many a nose!
What bearing of forms, what holding of swords,
And putting of botkins through leg and hose!
But I am afeard my master be angry
That I did abide so long behind:
Yet for his anger I pass not greatly,
His words they only be but wind!
Now that I have rested so long in this place,
Homeward again I will hie me apace.

† [*Here the Servant goeth out, and in cometh first
the Wife, and shortly after the Husband.*

(*The days of the celebration of the wedding, which
sometimes lasted a fortnight, are now over.*)

IV

Enter Wife, with a basket. She is evidently exasperated.

Wife. Where is my husband? was he not here?

I marvel much whither he is gone!

Then I perceive I am not much the near:

But lo, where he cometh hither alone!

Botkins. Daggers.

Enter the Husband, looking peevish and depressed.

He flings himself down on a seat.

Wot ye what, my husband, from day to day
With dainty dishes our bodies have been filled?
What meat to-morrow next shall we assay,
Whereby we may then be both refreshed?

Husband. [Snarling.] Do ye now provide and give a
regard

For victuals hereafter to be prepared.

Wife. But that I know, husband; it lieth us in hand
Of things to come to have a consideration,
I would not at once will you to understand
About such business my careful provision:
It is needful therefore to work we make haste,
That to get both our livings we may know the cast.

Husband. [In the voice of a spoilt child.] To trouble
me now, and make me vexed,

This mischievous means hast thou invented.

Wife. [Angry and misunderstood.] What trouble for
thee, what kind of vexation,

Have I to disquiet thee caused at this present?

My only mind is thou make expedition

To seek for our profit, as is convenient.

*Husband. [Stretching his legs, clasping his hands at
the back of his head.]* Yet for a time, if it may
thee please,

Let me be quiet, and take mine ease.

Wife. Wilt thou have us then through hunger be
starved?

Husband. I would not we should for hunger be killed.

Wife. Then, I say then, this gear go about,

Gear. Matter.

And look that thou labour diligently,
Or else thou shalt shortly prove without doubt,
Thy sluggishness will not please me greatly.

Husband. [Reproachfully.] Beginnest thou even now
to be painful and grieving,

And to thy husband a woman so troublous?

Wife. [Thoroughly angry.] What words have we here,
thou wretch! thou cullen!

Is there not already enough to be spoken?

Husband. [Pathetically.] O mirth, O joy, O pastime
and pleasure,

How little space do you endure!

Wife. I see my commandment can take no place;
Thou shalt aby therefore, I swear by the mass!

† [*Here the Wife must strike her Husband handsomely about the shoulders with something.*]

Husband. [Terrified, and falling on his knees.]

Alas, good wife! good wife, alas, alas!

Strike not so hard, I pray thee heartily!

Whatsoever thou wilt have brought to pass,

It shall be done with all speed possible.

Wife. [Strapping bundles of wood on his shoulders.]

Lay these faggots, man, upon thy shoulder,

And carry this wood from street to street,

To sell the same, that we both together

Our living may get, as is most meet.

Hence, idiot, hence without more delay!

What meanest thou thus to stagger and stay?

[*She goes out.*]

Cullen. A mean, cowardly fellow.

Aby. Pay the penalty.

Husband. [Struggling to his feet, almost in tears.]

What shall I do, most pitiful creature?

Just cause I have, alas, to lament:

That frantic woman my death will procure,

If so be this day without gain be spent:

For unless for my wood some money be taken,

Like a dog with a cudgel I shall be beaten!

[Limps about the stage, groaning under his burden,
then calls to someone without.

Ho, thou good fellow, which standest so nigh,

Of these heavy bundles ease my sore back,

And somewhat therefore give me by and by,

Or else I die, for silver I do lack.

[He goes out for a minute, and returns counting
money in his palm, having sold his bundles of wood.

Now that I have some money received

For this my burden, home will I go,

And lest that my wife be discontented,

What I have taken I will her show. [Calling her.

Wife, I am come: I went a long way,

And here is the profit and gains of this day!

*The Wife comes in, snatches money from his hand, and
looks contemptuously at it and at him.*

Wife. Why, thou lout, thou fool, thou wretched folt,

Is this thy wood money, thou peevish dolt?

Thou shalt smart for this gear, I make God avow!

Thou knowest no more to sell wood than doth the sow.

Husband. [Trembling, but asserting himself.] By
heaven, I will not unwisely suffer

Folt. Fool.

To do as I have done any longer.

Wife. Why, dost thou rise against me, villain?

Take heed I scratch not out thy eyes twain!

Husband. I will do your commandments whatsoever.

Wife. [*Giving him a big pail.*] Hence away, then,
and fill this with water.

*[He creeps out, and she busies herself with binding
more wood into bundles and folding linen.
When he returns with the full pail, she does
not at first see him.]*

Husband. [*In a shaky voice, as if he were going to cry.*]

O merciful God, in what lamentable state

Is he of whom the wife is the master!

Would God I had been predestinate

On my marriage day to have died with a fever!

[Calling her.]

Lo, wife, behold, without further delay

The water ye sent for here I do bring.

Wife. What, I say? what meaneth this weeping?

What aileth thee to make all this crying?

Husband. [*Sniffing.*] I weep not, forsooth, nor cry
not as yet.

Wife. [*Sharply.*] No, nor thou wilt not, if thou hast
any wit;

It is not thy weeping that can aught avail,

And therefore this matter no longer bewail.

Come off, I say, and run by the river,

And wash these clothes in the water.

[She gives him a basket of clothes.]

Husband. Wife, I will thither hie me fast,

Wife. Yet I advise thee, thou cullen, make haste.

[She goes out. He limps off wearily, and after a minute or two returns. Setting down the basket of clothes, he wrings them out in the bucket of water.]

Husband. O, how unhappy, and eke unfortunate
Is the most part of married men's condition!
What shall I do? whither shall I turn?
Most careful man now under the sky!
In the flaming fire I had rather burn,
Than with extreme pain live so heavily.

[Wrings out the last garment, and turns up his sleeves miserably, as if the water had gone up his arms.]

[Calling.] Where are ye, wife? your clothes are
washed clean,
As white as a lily, without spot or stain.

Enter Wife.

Wife. *[Seizing a garment.]* Thou thief, thou caitiff,
why is not this place
Washed as fair as all the rest?

† *[Here she must knock her Husband.]*

Husband. Alas, alas! I am almost quite dead!
My wife so pitifully hath broken my head!

† *[Here the Husband must lie along on the ground, as though he were sore beaten and wounded.]*

Eke. Also.

Careful. Full of care or trouble.
Caitiff. A mean wretch.

Wife. [*Quite unconcerned with his plight.*] Well, I
perceive the time will away,
And into the country to go I have promised;
Look therefore thou go not from hence to-day,
Till home again I am returned.

† [*Here his Wife goeth out, and the Husband
tarrieth behind alone.*]

Husband. [*Sitting up and rubbing his head.*] The
flying fiend go with my wife,
And in her journey ill may she speed!
I pray God Almighty shorten her life!
The earth at no time doth bear such a weed!
Although that I be a gentleman born,
And come by my ancestors of good blood,
Yet am I like to wear a coat torn,
And hither and thither go carry wood!
But rather than I this life will abide,
To-morrow morning I do intend
Home to my father again to ride.

† [*Here he goeth out, and in cometh the Devil.*]

Satan, the Devil. [*Raging about the stage.*] Ho, ho,
ho, what a fellow am I!

Give room, I say, both more and less:
My strength and power, hence to the sky,
No earthly tongue can well express.
O, it was all my study day and night
Cunningly to bring this matter to pass:
In all the earth there is no wight
But I can make to cry alas.

Wight. Person.

This man and wife, that not long ago
Fell in this place together by the ears:
It was only I that this strife did sow,
And have been about it certain years.
O, it was I that made him to despise
All wisdom, goodness, virtue, and learning,
That he afterward could in no wise
Once in his heart fancy teaching:
Ho, ho, ho! this well-favoured head of mine,
What thing soever it hath in hand,
Is never troubled with ale or wine,
Neither by sea, nor yet by land.
There is no minute of the day,
There is no minute of the night,
But that in my palace there is alway
Crowding together a marvellous sight;
They come in thicker than swarms of bees,
And make such a noise and crying out,
That many a one lieth on his knees,
With thousands kept under and closed about:
And yet for all this my nature is such
That I am not pleased with this company,
But out of my kingdom I must walk much,
That one or other I may take tardy.
Ho, ho, ho! I am never once afraid
With these my claws you for to touch,
For I will never not leave till you be paid
Such treasure as is within my pouch.
But now, I know, since I came hither,
There is such multitude at my gate,

Well-favoured. Beautiful, handsome.

That I must again repair down thither
After mine own manner and rate.

† [*Here the Devil goeth out, and in cometh the
Rich Man's Son.*]

V

The Son comes slowly in, as if he were stiff and tired.

Son. [*Wearily.*] How glad am I that my journey is
ended,

Which I was about this whole day!
My horse to stand still I never suffered,
Because I would come to the end of my way:
But yet I am sorry that I cannot find
My loving father at home in at his place,
That unto him I may break my mind,
And let him know my miserable case.

† [*Here he confesseth his naughtiness, uttering the
same with a pitiful voice.*]

I have been wild, I have been wanton,
I have ever followed my fancy and will:
I have been to my father a froward son,
And from day to day continued still.
I could not abide of the school to hear;
Masters and teachers my heart abhorred;
Methought the book was not fit gear
For my tender fingers to have handled:

Naughtiness. Wickedness.

I counted it a pleasure to be daintily fed,
And to be clothed in costly array:
I would most commonly slug in my bed,
Until it were very far-forth day.
That which I had I have clean spent,
I kept so much riot with the same,
That now I am fain a coat that is rent,
Alas, to wear for very shame.
I have not a cross left in my purse
To help myself now in my need,
That well I am worthy of God's curse,
And of my father to have small meed.

† [*Here the Rich Man must be, as it were, coming in.*

But except mine eyes do me beguile,
That man is my father whom I do see:
And now that he comes, without craft or wile,
To him I will bend on either knee.

[*He kneels to his father, who bends to embrace him.*

Ah, father, father, my father most dear!

Father. Ah! mine own child, with thee what cheer?

Son. All such sayings as in my mind

At the first time ye studied to settle,

Most true, alas, I do them find,

As though they were written in the Gospel.

Father. Those words, my son, I have almost forgotten;

Stand up, therefore, and kneel no longer,

And what it was I spake so often

At two or three words recite to thy father.

Son. If that ye be, father, well remembered,

Cross. Money, so called because stamped with a cross.

Meed. Reward.

As the same I believe ye cannot forget,
You said that, so soon as I were married,
Much pain and trouble thereby I should get.

Father. Hast thou by proof, son, this thing tried?

Son. Yea, alas, too much I have experienced:

My wife I did wed all full of frenzy,
My seely poor shoulders hath now so bruised,
That like a cripple I move me weakly,
Being full often with the staff thwacked:
She spareth no more my flesh and bone
Than if my body were made of stone!
Wherefore, good father, I you humbly desire
To have pity of me and some compassion,
Or else I am like to lie fast in the mire,
Without any succour or consolation:
For at this hour I have not a penny,
Myself to help in this great misery.

Father. [*Kindly but gravely.*] For so much as by my
advice and counsel

In no manner wise thou wouldest be ruled,
Therefore to thee I cannot do well,
But let thee suffer as thou hast deserved,
For that thou hast suffered is yet nothing
To that tribulation which is behind coming.

Son. Alas, father, what shall I do?

Father. What should I do, I cannot tell,
For now that thou hast taken a wife,
With me thy father thou mayest not dwell,
But always with her spend thy life.

Son. Alas, I was not able thus to endure.

Seely. Simple, innocent.

Father. If that thou thinkest thyself alone
Only to lead this irksome life,
Thou mayest learn what grief, sorrow, and moan
Socrates had with Xantippe, his wife.
Her husband full oft she taunted and checked,
And, as the book saith, dishonestly mocked.

Son. I cannot tell what was Socrates' wife
But mine I do know, alas, too well;
She is one that is evermore full of strife,
And of all scolders beareth the bell.
When she speaketh best, then brawleth her tongue;
When she is still, she fighteth apace;
She is an old witch, though she be young:
No mirth with her, no joy or solace!

Father. I cannot, my son, thy state redress;
Me thy father thou didst refuse;
Wherefore now help thy own foolishness,
And of thy wife no longer muse.

Son. My wife went forth into the country
With certain gossips to make good cheer,
And bad me at home still to be,
That at her return she might find me there:
And if that she do take me from home,
My bones, alas, she will make to crackle,
And me her husband, as a stark mome,
With knocking and mocking she will handle;
And, therefore, if I may not here remain,

Socrates. A famous Greek sage and teacher.

Xantippe. His wife, whose shrewishness became proverbial.

Unhonestly. In a wrong, unfitting manner.

Beareth the bell. Takes the lead.

Mome. A buffoon, a dolt.

Yet, loving father, give me your reward,
That I may with speed ride home again,
That to my wife's words have some regard.

Father. If that at the first thou wouldest have been
ordered,

And done as thy father counselled thee,
So wretched a life had never chanced,
Whereof at this present thou complainest to me;
But yet come on, to my house we will be going,
And then thou shalt see what I will give:—
A little to help thy need living,
Since that in such penury thou dost live;
And that once done, thou must hence again,
For I am not he that will thee retain.

† [*Here the Rich Man and his Son go out, and in
cometh the Perorator.*]

The Perorator. This interlude here, good gentle
audience,

Which presently before you we have played,
Was set forth with such care and diligence,
As by us truly might well be shewed.
By this little play the father is taught
After what manner his child to use,
Lest that through cockering at length he be brought
His father's commandment to refuse;
Also, ye young men, I warn you all
By your loving parents always be ruled,
Or else be well assured of such a fall
As unto this young man worthily chanced.

Cocking. Pampering.

Worship God daily, which is the chief thing,
And his holy laws do not offend:
Look that ye truly serve the king,
And all your faults be glad to amend:
Moreover, be true of hand and tongue,
And learn to do all things that be honest,
For no time so fit as when ye be young,
Because that age only is the aptest.
I have no more to speak at this season,
For very good-will these things I did say,
Because I do see that virtue is geason
With most men and children at this day.

† *Here the rest of the Players come in and kneel down
all together, each of them saying one of these verses.*

THE PRAYER FOR THE QUEEN

The previous reference to the king shows that this interlude was written before the reign of Elizabeth.

And last of all to make an end,
O God, to thee we most humbly pray,
That to Queen Elizabeth thou do send
Thy lively path and perfect way!

Grant her in health to reign
With us many years most prosperously,
And after this life for to attain
The eternal bliss, joy, and felicity!

Geason. Rare.

And that we thy people, duly considering
The power of our queen and great aucturity,
May please thee and serve her without feigning,
Living in peace, rest, and tranquillity.

God Save the Queen.

[*After the Prayer for the Queen follows a Song,
"Why doth the World study vain glory to
attain?" setting forth the vanity of worldly
ambition and pleasure.*



SHAKESPEARE'S PREDECESSOR
IN COMEDY—JOHN LYLY

With such comedy as occurs in the morality interlude fresh in one's memory, it is interesting to read again a few scenes from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *As You Like It*, or *Much Ado*, and to remember that the queen who laughed at the merry stuff of such a play as *The Disobedient Child* was later to be entertained by the very perfection of wit and humour in the talk and characterisation of Shakespeare. Any history of literature will give accounts of the comedy of *Ralph Roister Doister* (by Nicholas Udall, headmaster of Eton, probably written about 1552 for performance by the boys of Eton, printed 1566) and *Gammer Gurton's Needle* (by Bishop Still, acted at Cambridge, printed 1575). Both are of importance in the development of English comedy, which, however, remains an uncouth thing, strangely distant from the work of Shakespeare, until the advent of John Lyly. In his plays, slight and artificial as they may be, the "tongue that Shakespeare spake" is heard.

It was, of course, as the author of the prose romance of *Euphues* and its sequel that Lyly was most famous in his own age and notorious in others. The quality of this romance which charmed the Elizabethans was its peculiar style—remarkable for the constant use of alliteration and antithesis, to emphasise and point the moralising of the hero and his friends, and its wealth of illustration from fabulous natural history. Although the affectations of this prose do not manifest themselves

so frequently or so obviously in Lyly's dramatic work as in his novel, they sometimes become tiring, as in certain long speeches by Hephestion, Apelles, and Campaspe in the following play, which I have cut, as they are of no importance in the dramatic movement, and as it is unlikely that modern audiences would listen to them. The characteristics of the style, which contemporary courtiers and gentlewomen pained themselves to imitate, are clearly apparent in the prologue and epilogue, and in various other passages of the play. Its affectation is sometimes unduly abused, while its mannerly beauty, its workmanship, and its wit are overlooked, but both Lyly's admirers and detractors unite in according him the honour of having established the place of prose on the stage. Prose had been used by dramatists before he wrote, but a prose without force or enjoyment, as uncertainly wielded as the rough stanzas and couplets, the "tumbling metre," and the usually dull decasyllabics of the experimenters in stage verse. Its power was proved and its possibilities suggested in the comedies of Lyly.

His plays, with the exception of *Mother Bombie*, are concerned with classical history (*Campaspe*) or myth (*Endymion*, *Midas*, etc.). During the eighties of the sixteenth century, when most of them appeared, the enthusiasm of the English Renaissance for one aspect of classical lore was at its height, and Lyly, a university man, well read in Ovid, writing for the fashionable audiences who watched the boy players at Blackfriars or at the court of Elizabeth, gave full expression to a pleasure, which has never since that time been so intimate and fresh and vivid, in the beauty of the lore and legend of Greece and Rome.

Those who are interested in the life of Lyly should read the account of him given in the first volume of

his works, edited by Professor Bond. His plays were performed by companies of boy actors: "Her Majesty's Children" and "The Children of Paul's." In an age when so lively an interest was felt in the drama, the famous choir-schools, where the boys' voices were highly trained, naturally did a good deal of dramatic work. They acted in small "private" theatres, described in the article on "The Playhouse" in the second volume of *Shakespeare's England*. *Campaspe* was performed at the court and at Blackfriars, with different prologues and epilogues for the different occasions. Lyly took the story from the account of it given in a few lines by Pliny in his *Natural History*. Alexander destroyed Thebes in October 335 B.C. The city was razed to the ground, only the house of the poet Pindar being spared. With a few exceptions, those of her inhabitants that survived the terrible slaughter of the captured were sold as slaves.



CAMPASPE

The "moste excellent Comedie of Alexander, Campaspe and Diogenes" was "played before the Queene's Majestie on twelwe day at night, by her Maiestie's Children and the Children of Paul's." It was printed in London for Thomas Cadman in 1584.

THE PLAYERS

ALEXANDER, <i>King of Macedon.</i>		CRATES.	
HEPHESTION, <i>his General.</i>		CLEANTHES.	} <i>Philosophers.</i>
CLYTUS.	} <i>Warriors.</i>	ANAXARCHUS.	
PARMENIO.		APELLES, <i>a painter.</i>	
MELIPPUS, <i>Chamberlain to Alexander.</i>		GRANICHUS, <i>servant to Plato.</i>	
ARISTOTLE.	} <i>Philosophers.</i>	MANES, <i>servant to Diogenes.</i>	
PLATO.		PSYLLUS, <i>servant to Apelles.</i>	
DIOGENES.		PAGE TO ALEXANDER.	
CRISIPPUS.		CITIZENS OF ATHENS.	
		CAMPASPE.	} <i>Theban captives.</i>
		TIMOCLEA.	
		SPEAKER OF PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE.	

SCENE: Athens.

DRESS AND APPEARANCE OF THE PERSONS
OF THE PLAY

The dress, for men and women characters, may be the simple chiton, which has the double virtue of being beautiful and easily made. Professor Jones thus describes it: "The chiton was formed by sewing together at the sides two pieces of linen, or a double piece folded together, leaving spaces at the top for the arms and

neck, and fastening the top edges together over the shoulders and upper arm with buttons or brooches; more rarely we find a plain sleeveless chiton. The length of the garment varied considerably." Before "dressing" the characters for this or any other play where classical garments are needed, reference should be made to the excellent article by Professor Jones on Greek and Roman costume in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, to be found in the reference department of most public libraries.

From sculptured and graven portraits, and descriptive phrases of historians, the appearance and personality of Alexander may be pictured. Not unusually tall, he was well-built; his complexion was white and red; his hair stood up from his forehead, giving him a lion-like look; he was clean-shaven; he held his head a little aslant. Rash, arrogant, and pleasure-loving, he possesses the attractiveness that the temperament of the conqueror presents on the stage if not in real life. Lyly does not suggest the violent aspects of his character. With all the royal pride that seems more absurd to the modern than it did to the Elizabethan, he is courteous in his treatment of his prisoners, discreet in conversation with his officers, and wise in his acknowledgment that he cannot subdue the affections of men or, rather, of women.

Where a group of characters, such as the philosophers and servants, is introduced into a play, unless there is to be a special effect from its unity, care should be taken to differentiate its members as vividly as possible. Something is known of the appearance of certain of the philosophers who are summoned to the presence of Alexander. The personality of Diogenes has been attractive to many writers and painters. His rough manner, with the humour which made him disregard

the splendour of the world-conqueror, must be emphasised. He should wear a shabby dark chiton, as should Crates and Cleanthes, who also are uncouth and eccentric in their behaviour. The poor and ugly Crates was nicknamed the "Door-opener," because he would enter people's houses abruptly, without invitation, to preach his doctrines. For all his oddities he was a man of noble character, which attracted a rich maiden so greatly that she insisted on marrying him against the wishes of her father. Cleanthes should be of strong and muscular appearance. Originally he was a boxer, but, desiring wisdom, came to Athens (his riches amounting to four drachmæ) and attended the lectures of Crates. He got a job as water-carrier to a gardener, and so earned enough to supply himself with the material needs of life. Being slow and patient, he was nicknamed the Ass. These details are enough for the actor to suggest his individuality. Crisippus is described in the play. Anaxarchus is known to have been outspoken—"See the blood of a mortal, not a god," he said, pointing to the wounded finger of Alexander, when the young conqueror would have ranked himself divine. Aristotle had a fine and thoughtful face (in the British Museum there is a gem engraved with his portrait) and, as tutor to Alexander, was well acquainted with the life of courts. Tradition says that the name Plato was given to this philosopher on account of the breadth of his shoulders, or of his forehead. If the rumour that he fought in three battles is to be credited, he might have something of the soldier as well as the thinker in his appearance. It is said that his voice was thin.

All scenes but those in the studio of Apelles are in a public place in Athens, and, except where a pause is necessary to show a lapse of time, there should be no interval.

THE HISTORICAL CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY

The story of the career of Alexander the Great and his "world-conquest" is one of the most wonderful of ancient history. Those who are interested in him should read Plutarch's *Life* (in North's translation), and the chapters on his achievements in Professor Bury's *History of Greece* and Mr. H. G. Wells's *Outline of History*. Clytus, or Clitus, was the foster-brother of Alexander, who slew him in a drunken brawl; Hephestion, or Hephæstion, was his greatest friend, and his display of grief at the death of this man is one of the strangest manifestations of his character. Parmenio, one of the king's most trusted generals, who had led his father's army, was assassinated in his old age by the orders of his cruel and capricious master. Apelles, the most famous painter of antiquity, lent his skill to the glorification of the king, painting him as a divine warrior armed with a thunderbolt. The portrait was placed in the temple of the goddess Artemis.

The talk of the philosophers gives some idea of their theories, which it is difficult to grasp without some training in philosophy, but which should be investigated by those who are interested in the articles in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* under Aristotle, Plato, Democritus (to whose school of thought Anaxarchus belonged), Cynic (Diogenes and Crates), Stoic (Crisippus and Cleanthes). Of Plato and Aristotle it has been said: "Plato makes us think first of the supernatural and the kingdom of heaven, Aristotle of the natural and the whole world." The Cynics and Stoics were closely allied. The Cynics taught that virtue, not pleasure, is the end of existence, and regarded man as existing for and in himself alone, his highest aim being self-know-

ledge and self-realisation. The Stoics concerned themselves more particularly with ethics: "the practical question of how a man should order his life." The manners of the Cynics, of whom Diogenes is the most famous, were deliberately rough and uncouth. They gained their name for this reason, cynic being derived from the Greek *kynikos*, doglike. Diogenes, thinking that physical discomforts were helpful in the attainment of virtue, believed in the "simple life," living in a tub, and destroying the one wooden bowl he possessed when he saw a poor boy drink from his hands. Many stories are told of his bitter wit, especially as exercised upon those whom the world counts great.

THE TEXT OF THE PLAY

THE PROLOGUE

(At the Blackfriars)

THEY that fear the stinging of wasps make fans of peacocks' tails, whose spots are like eyes; and Lepidus, which could not sleep for the chattering of birds, set up a beast, whose head was like a dragon; and we, which stand in awe of report, are compelled to set before our owl Pallas's shield, thinking by her virtue to cover the other's deformity. We fear that our labours, silyly glanced on, will breed some content, but examined to the proof, small commendation. The haste in perform-

Pallas, or Minerva. The goddess of wisdom.

Silyly. Casually, superficially.

Haste. The play was written and rehearsed quickly for performance at court.

ing shall be our excuse. But lest, like the Myndians, we make our gates greater than our towns, and that our play runs out at the preface, we here conclude, wishing that although there be in your precise judgments an universal mislike, yet we may enjoy by your wonted courtesies a general silence.

ACT I

SCENE I

A public place in Athens

Alexander is in private converse with Hephestion ; Clytus and Parmenio, watching them, speak together.

Clytus. Parmenio, I cannot tell whether I should more commend in Alexander's victories courage or courtesy; Thebes is razed, the people not racked, towers thrown down, bodies not thrust aside, a conquest without conflict, and a cruel war in a mild peace.

Par. Soft, Clytus, behold the spoils and the prisoners! a pleasant sight to us, because profit is joined with honour; not much painful to them, because their captivity is eased by mercy.

Trumpets. Enter soldiers carrying spoils, others guarding the prisoners. They stand awaiting Alexander's pleasure. The captive women shrink together, frightened; Timoclea reassures them.

Timo. We are here now captives, whose necks are yoked by force, but whose hearts cannot yield by

death. Come, Campaspe and the rest; let us not be ashamed to cast our eyes on him on whom we feared not to cast our darts.

[She tries to persuade Campaspe, who stands in an attitude of grief, to raise her head and come forward.]

Par. Madam, you need not doubt; it is Alexander that is the conqueror.

Timo. Alexander hath overcome, not conquered.

Par. To bring all under his subjection is to conquer.

Timo. He cannot subdue that which is divine.

Par. Thebes was not.

Timo. Virtue is.

Alex. *[Coming forward.]* Clytus, are these prisoners? of whence these spoils?

Clytus. Like your majesty, they are prisoners, and of Thebes.

Alex. Of what calling or reputation?

Clytus. I know not, but they seem to be ladies of honour.

Alex. I will know. *[To Timoclea, who stands proudly looking at him.]* Madam, of whence you are I know, but who, I cannot tell.

Timo. Alexander, I am the sister of Theagines, who fought a battle with thy father before the city of Chieronte, where he died, I say, which none can gainsay, valiantly.

Alex. Lady, there seem in your words sparks of your brother's deed, but worsè fortune in your life than

Like your majesty. Please your majesty.

Reputation. Repute or rank.

his death. But fear not, for you shall live without violence, enemies, or necessity. [*Campaspe comes forward and stands in front of Alexander, her head a little bent. He is silent for a moment, looking at her. Then he speaks, in a gentler voice.*] But what are you, fair lady—another sister to Theagines?

Camp. No sister to Theagines, but a humble hand-maid to Alexander, born of a mean parentage, but to extreme fortune.

Alex. Well, ladies (for so your virtues show you), whatsoever your birth be, you shall be honourably entreated. Athens shall be your Thebes, and you shall not be as abjects of war, but as subjects to Alexander. Parmenio, conduct these honourable ladies into the city, charge the soldiers not so much as in words to offer them any offence, and let all wants be supplied so far forth as shall be necessary for such persons and my prisoners. [*Exeunt Parmenio and captives.*] Hephestion, it resteth now that we have as great care to govern in peace as conquer in war; that, whilst arms cease, arts may flourish, and, joining letters with lances, we endeavour to be as good philosophers as soldiers, knowing it is no less praise to be wise than commendable to be valiant.

Heph. Your majesty therein showeth that you have as great desire to rule as to subdue; and needs must that commonwealth be fortunate whose captain is a philosopher, and whose philosopher a captain.

[*Exeunt.*

Necessity. Want. Entreated. Treated. Abjects. Slaves.

SCENE II

The same

The pages Granichus and Psyllus are playing with a ball.

Enter Manes, comically dejected, as if with hunger. The others welcome him.

Manes. [*Miserably.*] I serve instead of a master, a mouse, whose house is a tub, whose dinner is a crust, and whose bed is a board.

Psyllus. Then art thou in a state of life which philosophers commend. [*In the grave voice of wisdom.*] A crumb for thy supper, an hand for thy cup, and thy clothes for sheets. For *natura paucis contenta*.

Gran. Manes, it is a pity so proper a man should be cast away upon a philosopher: but that Diogenes, that dog, should have Manes, that dog-bolt, it grieveth nature and spiteth art.

Manes. Are you merry? It is a sign by the trip of your tongue, and the toss of your head, that you have done that to-day which I have not done these three days.

Psyllus. What's that?

Manes. [*Sadly.*] Dined.

Gran. I think Diogenes keeps but cold cheer.

Manes. I would it were so, but he keepeth neither

Natura paucis contenta. Nature is content with few things.

Proper. Handsome.

Dog-bolt. A term of reproach.

hot nor cold. How dull a fasting wit is! Psyllus, let us go to supper with Granichus: Plato is the best fellow of all philosophers. Give me him that reads in the morning in the school, and at noon in the kitchen.

Psyllus. And me.

Gran. Ah! sirs, my master is a king in his parlour for the body, and a god in his study for the soul. Among all his men, he commendeth one that is an excellent musician; then stand I by and clap another on the shoulder, and say, "This is a passing good cook."

Manes. It is well done, Granichus; for give me pleasure that goes in at the mouth, not the ear; I had rather fill my body than my brains.

Psyllus. [*Miserably.*] I serve Apelles, who feedeth me, as Diogenes doth Manes; for at dinner the one preacheth abstinence, the other commendeth counterfeiting. When I would eat meat, he paints a spit; and when I thirst, "Oh," saith he, "is not this a fair pot?" and points to a table which contains the banquet of the gods, where are many dishes to feed the eye, but not to fill the stomach.

Gran. What doth he then?

Psyllus. This doth he then, bring in many examples that some have lived by savours, and proveth that much easier it is to fat by colours, and tells of birds that have been fatted by painted grapes in winter; and how many have so fed their eyes with their mistress's picture, that they never desired to take

Counterfeiting. Painting. Counterfeit: a picture.

food, being glutt'd with the delight in their favours. Then doth he show me counterfeits, such as have surfeited with their feasting and with the riotous bacchanals of the god Bacchus, and his disorderly crew, which are painted all to the life in his shop. To conclude, I fare hardly though I go richly, which maketh me, when I should begin to shadow a lady's face, to draw a lamb's head, and sometimes to set to the body of a maid a shoulder of mutton; for *semper animus meus in patinis*.

Manes. Thou art a god to me; for, could I see but a cook's shop painted, I would make mine eyes fat as butter. For I have nought but sentences to fill my maw—[*With great scorn.*—as *plures occidit crapula quam gladius*; *musa jejulantibus amica*; repletion killeth delicately; and an old saw of abstinence by Socrates, the belly is the head's grave. Thus with sayings, not with meat, he maketh a gallimaufrey.

Gran. But how dost thou then live?

Manes. With fine breath, sweet air, and the dog's alms.

Gran. Well, for this time I will satisfy thy hunger, and among pots and platters thou shalt see—[*Striking an attitude.*—what it is to serve Plato.

Favours. Beauties.

Bacchus. The god of wine. *Bacchanals*. Feasts held in his honour.

Semper . . . *patinis*. My mind is always among the dishes.

Sentences. Wise pithy sayings.

Plures . . . *gladius*. Drunkenness kills more than the sword (does).

Musa . . . *amica*. The muse is friendly to the fasting.

Gallimaufrey. A hash.

Psyllus. For joy of it, Granichus, let's sing.

Manes. My voice is as clear in the evening as in the morning.

Gran. Another commodity of emptiness.

SONG

O for a bowl of fat canary,
Rich Palermo, sparkling sherry,
Some nectar else from Juno's dairy,
O these draughts would make us merry.

O for a plump fat leg of mutton,
Veal, lamb, capon, pig, and coney;
None is happy but a glutton,
None an ass but who wants money.

Wines (indeed) and girls are good,
But brave victuals feast the blood;
For wenches, wine, and lusty cheer
Jove would leap down to surfeit here.

[*They go out merrily, arm-in-arm, Granichus
between Manes and Psyllus.*

Commodity. Profit.

SCENE III

The same

Enter Melippus, the king's chamberlain. He is in the mood of a man of authority who has only partly succeeded in accomplishing a difficult task—worried, indignant, and pleased with himself in turn as he thinks over what has happened.

Melip. I had never such ado to warn scholars to come before a king. First I came to Crisippus, a tall, lean, old, mad man, willing him presently to appear before Alexander. He stood staring on my face, neither moving his eyes nor his body. Melissa, his maid, told me it was his manner, and that oftentimes she was fain to thrust meat into his mouth, for that he would rather starve than cease study. Well, thought I, seeing bookish men are so blockish, and great clerks such simple courtiers, I will neither be partaker of their commons nor their commendations. From thence I came to Plato and to Aristotle, and to divers other; none refusing to come saving an old obscure fellow who, sitting in a tub turned towards the sun, read Greek to a young boy. Him when I willed to appear before Alexander, he answered, "If Alexander would fain see me, let him come to me; if learn of me, let him come to me; whatsoever it be, let him come to me." "Why," said I, "he is a king." He answered, "Why, I am a philosopher." "Why,

but he is Alexander." "Ay, but I am Diogenes." I was half angry to see one so crooked in his shape to be so crabbed in his sayings. So, going my way, I said, "Thou shalt repent it, if thou comest not to Alexander. "Nay," smiling answered he, "Alexander may repent it if he come not to Diogenes: virtue must be sought, not offered." And so, turning himself in his cell, he grunted I know not what, like a pig under a tub. But I must be gone, the philosophers are coming.

Enter the philosophers: Aristotle, Plato, Crisippus, Crates, Cleanthes, Anaxarchus. The manner of the Stoic and Cynic should be strongly emphasised. (See note on characters, page 112.)

Plato. It is a difficult controversy, Aristotle, and rather to be wondered at than believed, how natural causes should work supernatural effects.

Aris. I do not so much stand upon the apparition is seen in the moon, neither the Demonium of Socrates, as that I cannot by natural reason give any reason of the ebbing and flowing of the sea; which makes me, in the depth of my studies, to cry out, *O Ens Entium miserere mei.*

Plato. Cleanthes and you attribute so much to nature, by searching for things that are not to be found, that, whilst you study a cause of your own, you omit the occasion itself. There is no man so savage

Demonium. Socrates believed himself to be guided by a divine visitant or sign. (Greek, *daimon*, a spirit, genius.)
O Ens . . . mei. O Being of beings, pity me.

in whom resteth not this divine particle, that there is an omnipotent, eternal, and divine mover, which may be called God.

Cleant. I am of this mind, that that First Mover, which you term God, is the instrument of all the movings which we attribute to nature. The earth, which is mass, swimmeth on the sea, seasons divided in themselves, fruits growing in themselves, the majesty of the sky, the whole firmament of the world, and whatsoever else appeareth miraculous, what man, almost of mean capacity, but can prove it natural?

Anax. These causes shall be debated at our philosophers' feast, in which controversy I will take part with Aristotle that there is *Natura naturans* and yet not God.

Cra. And I with Plato that there is *Deus optimus maximus* and not nature.

Aris. Here cometh Alexander.

Enter Alexander with Hephestion, to whom he speaks.

Alex. I see, Hephestion, that these philosophers are here attending for us.

Heph. They are not philosophers if they know not their duties.

Alex. But I much marvel Diogenes should be so dogged.

Heph. I do not think but his excuse will be better than Melippus' message.

Natura naturans. The self-existing power of nature.

Deus optimus maximus. God the best and greatest.

Alex. I will go see him, Hephestion, because I long to see him that would command Alexander to come, to whom all the world is like to come. Aristotle and the rest, sithence my coming from Thebes to Athens, from a place of conquest to a palace of quiet, I have resolved with myself in my court to have as many philosophers as I had in my camp soldiers. My court shall be a school, wherein I will have used as great doctrine in peace as I did in war discipline.

Aris. We are all here ready to be commanded, and glad that we are commanded, for that nothing better becometh kings than literature, which maketh them come as near to the gods in wisdom as they do in dignity.

Heph. [*To Alexander.*] You said you would ask every one of them a question which yesternight none of us could answer.

Alex. I will. Plato, of all beasts, which is the subtilest?

Plato. That which man hitherto never knew.

Alex. Aristotle, how should a man be thought a god?

Aris. In doing a thing impossible for a man.

Alex. Crisippus, which was first, the day or the night?

Cris. The day, by a day.

Alex. Indeed! strange questions must have strange answers. Cleanthes, what say you, is life or death the stronger?

Cle. Life, that suffereth so many troubles.

Alex. Crates, how long should a man live?

Crates. Till he think it better to die than to live.

Alex. Anaxarchus, whether doth the sea or the earth bring forth most creatures?

Anax. The earth, for the sea is but a part of the earth.

Alex. Hephestion, methinks they have answered all well, and in such questions I mean often to try them.

Heph. It is better to have in your court a wise man than in your ground a golden mine. Therefore would I leave war to study wisdom, were I Alexander.

Alex. So would I, were I Hephestion. But come, let us go and give release, as I promised, to our Theban thrall.

[Exeunt Alexander and Hephestion. The philosophers appear highly gratified by their talk with the king.]

Plato. Thou art fortunate, Aristotle, that Alexander is thy scholar.

Aris. And all you happy that he is your sovereign.

Cris. I could like the man well if he could be contented to be a man.

Aris. He seeketh to draw near to the gods in knowledge; not to be a god.

Enter Diogenes. He takes no notice of the other philosophers, but goes on his way as if deep in meditation.

Plato. Let us question a little with Diogenes why he went not with us to Alexander. Diogenes, thou didst forget thy duty, that thou went'st not with us to the king.

Diog. [Snarling.] And you your profession that went to the king.

Plato. Thou takest as great pride to be peevish as others do glory to be virtuous.

Diog. And thou as great honour, being a philosopher, to be thought court-like, as others shame that be courtiers to be accounted philosophers.

Aris. These austere manners set aside; it is well known that thou didst counterfeit money.

Diog. And thou thy manners, in that thou didst not counterfeit money.

Aris. Thou hast reason to condemn the court, being, both in body and mind, too crooked for a courtier.

Diog. As good be crooked and endeavour to make myself straight from the court, as be straight and learn to be crooked at the court.

Cris. Thou thinkest it a grace to be opposite against Alexander.

Diog. And thou to be jump with Alexander.

Anax. Let us go; for in condemning him, we shall better please him than in wondering at him.

Aris. Plato, what doest thou think of Diogenes?

Plato. To be Socrates, furious. Let us go.

[Exeunt the philosophers. Diogenes gives one glance after them, and stands alone, as if in thought.]

Counterfeit money. The father of Diogenes, a money-changer, was charged with adulterating coinage, and his son was included in the charge.

To be jump with. To agree exactly with.

Furious. Raging, mad.

ACT II

SCENE I

A street in Athens

To the left, Diogenes sits meditating in the shelter of his tub.

Enter Alexander and Hephestion, followed by a page.

Alex. [To page.] Stand aside, sir boy, till you be called. Hephestion, how do you like the sweet face of Campaspe?

Heph. I cannot but commend the stout courage of Timoclea.

Alex. Without doubt Campaspe had some great man to her father.

Heph. You know Timoclea had Theagines to her brother.

Alex. Timoclea still in thy mouth! Art thou not in love?

Heph. Not I.

Alex. [Suspiciously.] Not with Timoclea, you mean; wherein you resemble the lapwing, who crieth most where her nest is not. And so you lead me from espying your love with Campaspe, you cry Timoclea.

Heph. Could I as well subdue kingdoms as I can my thoughts, or were I as far from ambition as I am from love, all the world would account me as valiant in arms as I know myself moderate in affection.

Alex. Is love a vice?

Heph. It is no virtue.

Alex. Well, now shalt thou see what small difference I will make between Alexander and Hephestion. And sith thou hast been always partaker of my triumphs, thou shalt be partaker of my torments. I love, Hephestion, I love! I love Campaspe, a thing far unfit for a Macedonian, for a king, for Alexander. Why hangest thou down thy head, Hephestion? Blushing to hear that which I am not ashamed to tell?

Heph. [*Indignant and incredulous.*] What! is the son of Philip, king of Macedon, become the subject of Campaspe, the captive of Thebes?

Alex. Alexander doth love, and therefore must obtain.

Heph. Suppose she loves not you.

Alex. I am a king, and will command.

Heph. You may, to yield; to love, you cannot.

Alex. Why, what is that which Alexander may not conquer as he list?

Heph. Why, that which the gods cannot resist—love.

Alex. No more, Hephestion; in this case I will use mine own counsel, and in all other thine advice. Thou may'st be a good soldier, but never good lover. [*Beckons page.*] Sirrah, go presently to Apelles, and will him to come to me without either delay or excuse.

Page. I go. [*Exit.*]

Alex. In the mean season, to recreate my spirits, being so near, we will go see Diogenes. See where his tub is. [*Standing before it.*] Diogenes!

Diog. [*Without turning his head.*] Who calleth?

Alex. [*Condescendingly.*] Alexander. How happened it that you would not come out of your tub to my palace?

Diog. Because it was as far from my tub to your palace, as from your palace to my tub.

Alex. [*Too much surprised to be angry.*] Why, then, dost thou owe no reverence to kings?

Diog. No.

Alex. Why so?

Diog. Because they be no gods.

Alex. They be gods of the earth.

Diog. Yea, gods of earth.

Alex. Plato is not of thy mind.

Diog. I am glad of it.

Alex. Why?

Diog. Because I would have none of Diogenes' mind but Diogenes.

Alex. [*Trying to make some impression on him.*] If Alexander have anything that may pleasure Diogenes, let me know and take it.

Diog. Then take not from me that you cannot give me—the light of the world.

Alex. [*As if moving out of his light.*] What dost thou want?

Diog. Nothing that you have.

Alex. I have the world at command.

Diog. And I in contempt.

Alex. Thou shalt live no longer than I will.

Diog. But I shall die whether you will or no.

Alex. How should one learn to be content?

Diog. Unlearn to covet.

Alex. Hephestion, were I not Alexander, I would wish to be Diogenes.

[He takes off a ring, lays it by the tub, and goes out with Hephestion. Diogenes stares at the jewel without interest, curls himself in his tub, and sleeps. Manes creeps from the back of the tub, and after a glance or two at his master pounces on it and steals away, highly delighted.]

ACT III

SCENE I

The same

Psyllus. *[Grumbling.]* It is always my master's fashion, when any fair gentlewoman is to be drawn within, to make me stay without. But if he should paint Jupiter like a bull, like a swan, like an eagle, then must Psyllus with one hand grind colours, and with the other hold the candle. *[With an air of great worldly wisdom.]* But let him alone; the better he shadows her face, the more will he burn his own heart.

Enter Manes.

Manes. Here comes Manes, who hath as much meat in his maw as thou hast honesty in thy head.

Psyllus. Then I hope thou art very hungry.

Manes. They that know thee know that.

Psyllus. But dost thou not remember that we have certain liquor to confer withal?

Manes. Ay, but I have business; I must go cry a thing.

Psyllus. Why, what hast thou lost?

Manes. That which I never had—my dinner!

Psyllus. Foul lubber, wilt thou cry for thy dinner?

Manes. I mean, I must cry; not as one would say cry, but cry, that is, make a noise.

Psyllus. Why, fool, that is all one; for if thou cry, thou must needs make a noise.

Manes. [*In the voice of a philosopher.*] Boy, thou art deceived: Cry hath divers significations, and may be alluded to many things; knave but to one, and can be applied to thee.

Psyllus. [*Pretending to be impressed.*] Profound *Manes*!

Manes. [*Keeping up his pose.*] We cynics are mad fellows; didst thou not find I did quip thee?

Psyllus. No, verily; why, what's a quip?

Manes. We great girders call it a short saying of a sharp wit, with a bitter sense in a sweet word.

Psyllus. How canst thou thus divine, divide, define, dispute, and all on the sudden?

Manes. Wit will have his swing; I am bewitched, inspired, inflamed, infected.

Psyllus. Well, then I will not tempt thy gibing spirit.

Manes. Do not, *Psyllus*, for thy dull head will be but

Confer. Discuss, drink.

Quip. Taunt, answer smartly.

Girder. One who uses sarcasm.

a grindstone for my quick wit, which, if thou whet with overthwarts—*periisti, actum est de te*. I have drawn blood at one's brains with a bitter bob.

Psyllus. Let me cross myself, for I die if I cross thee.

Manes. Let me do my business; I myself am afraid lest my wit should wax warm, and then needs must it needs consume some hard head with fine and pretty jests. I am sometimes in such a vein that for want of some dull pate to work on I begin to gird myself.

Psyllus. The gods shield me from such a fine fellow, whose words melt wits like wax!

Manes. Well, then, let us to the matter. In faith, my master meaneth to-morrow to fly.

Psyllus. It is a jest.

Manes. Is it a jest to fly? should'st thou fly so soon, thou should'st repent it in earnest.

Psyllus. Well, I will be the crier.

Manes and Psyllus. [*One after the other.*] Oyez, Oyez, Oyez. All manner of men, women, and children, that will come to-morrow into the market-place between the hours of nine and ten, shall see Diogenes, the cynic, fly.

Manes. Now let us go, for I will not see him again till midnight. I have a back way into his tub.

Psyllus. Well, let us go away, that we may return speedily. [*They go out, crying the proclamation.*]

Overthwarts. Contrary gibing answers.

Periisti . . . te. Thou diest: it is all over with thee.

Oyez. French "Hear ye."

SCENE II

The studio of Apelles

Campaspe is posed for her portrait; Apelles is at his easel. The paintings (on boards) that are against the wall facing the audience are of classical subjects—Leda and the swan, Danae, etc.

Apel. I shall never draw your eyes well, because they blind mine.

Camp. [*Sadly, remembering herself a prisoner.*] Why then, paint me without eyes, for I am blind.

Apel. Were you ever shadowed before of any?

Camp. [*In the same tone.*] No. And would you could so now shadow me that I might not be perceived by any.

Apel. It were pity but that so absolute a face should furnish Venus's temple amongst these pictures.

Camp. [*A little interested.*] What are these pictures?

Apel. [*Leaving his easel, and kneeling by her to show her his "counterfeits."*] This is Leda, whom Jove wooed in the likeness of a swan.

Camp. [*Looking at it and laying it aside.*] A fair woman.

Apel. This is Danae, whom Jupiter loved, and into whose prison he drizzled a golden shower, and so obtained his desire.

Camp. [*Oppressed with the thought of Alexander's love for her.*] What gold can make one yield to desire?

Shadowed. Depicted, painted.

Apel. [*Giving her more sketches.*] This is Europa, whom Jupiter loved; this Antiopa.

Camp. Were *all* the gods like this Jupiter?

Apel. There were many gods in this like Jupiter.

Camp. [*Taking up a sketch.*] What counterfeit is this, Apelles?

Apel. This is Venus, the goddess of love.

Camp. What! be there also loving goddesses?

Apel. This is she that hath power to command the very affections of the heart.

Camp. [*Gently.*] How is she hired? by prayer, by sacrifice, or bribes?

Apel. By prayer, sacrifice, and bribes.

Camp. What prayer?

Apel. Vows irrevocable.

Camp. What sacrifice?

Apel. Hearts ever sighing; never dissembling.

Camp. What bribes?

Apel. Roses and kisses. But were you never in love?

Camp. No; nor love in me.

Apel. Then have you injured many!

Camp. How so?

Apel. Because you have been loved by many.

[*He takes her hands.*]

Camp. Flattered, perchance, by some.

Apel. It is not possible that a face so fair and a wit so sharp, both without comparison, should not be apt to love.

Camp. If you begin to tip your tongue with cunning, I pray dip your pencil in colours and fall to that you must do, not that you would do.

Enter Alexander and Hephestion. Apelles hastily returns to his easel; Campaspe reassumes her air of drooping sadness.

Alex. [Going to Campaspe and taking her hand.] Now, gentlewoman, doth your beauty put the painter to his trump?

Camp. Yes, my lord, seeing so disordered a countenance, he feareth he shall shadow a deformed counterfeit.

Alex. Would he could colour the life with the feature. [To Apelles.] Where do you first begin when you draw any picture?

Apel. The proportion of the face in just compass as I can.

Alex. I would begin with the eye, as a light to all the rest.

Apel. If you will paint, as you are a king, your majesty may begin where you please; but, as you would be a painter, you must begin with the face.

Alex. When will you finish Campaspe?

Apel. Never finish; for always in absolute beauty there is somewhat above art.

Alex. Why should not I, by labour, be as cunning as Apelles!

Apel. God shield you should have cause to be so cunning as Apelles!

Alex. Lend me thy pencil, Apelles; I will paint, and thou shalt judge.

Put the painter to his trump. Make him play his trump card, i.e. do his best.

Cunning. Skilful.

Apel. [*Giving him a piece of charcoal.*] Here.

Alex. [*Sketching.*] The coal breaks.

Apel. You lean too hard.

Alex. Now it blacks not.

Apel. You lean too soft.

Alex. This is awry.

Apel. Your eye goeth not with your hand.

Alex. Now it is worse.

Apel. Your hand goeth not with your mind.

Alex. [*With the half-humorous exasperation of a beginner.*] Nay, if all be too hard or soft, so many rules and regards that one's hand, one's eye, one's mind must all draw together, I had rather be setting of a battle than blotting of a board. But how have I done here? [*Shows Apelles his sketch.*]

Apel. [*Guardedly.*] Like a king.

Alex. I think so; but nothing more unlike a painter. [*Looking at the portrait.*] Well, Apelles, Campaspe is finished as I wish; dismiss her, and bring presently her counterfeit after me.

Apel. I will.

Alex. Now, Hephestion, doth not this matter cotton as I would? Campaspe looketh pleasantly; liberty will increase her beauty, and my love shall advance her honour.

Heph. [*Unconvinced.*] I will not contrary you, your majesty.

Alex. [*Watching Campaspe go out with Apelles.*] How stately she passeth by, yet how soberly! a sweet

Boards. Pictures were painted on boards or panels.

Cotton. Succeed, turn out.

consent in her countenance with a chaste disdain!
desire mingled with coyness! and, I cannot tell
how to term it, a curst yielding modesty!

Heph. [*Unimpressed.*] Let her pass.

Alex. So she shall for the fairest on the earth.

[*Exeunt Alexander and Hephestion. Enter Apelles, and stands before the portrait of Campaspe in an attitude of deep dejection.*]

Apelles. O fair face! O unhappy hand! [*He lifts the portrait to look at it more closely, and replaces it on the easel.*] O beautiful countenance! the express image of Venus, but somewhat fresher: the only pattern of that eternity which Jupiter, dreaming asleep, could not conceive again waking. [*He looks from the portrait of Campaspe to that of Venus, and back again.*] Blush, Venus, for I am ashamed to end thee. [*He turns the goddess face to the wall.*] In cases desperate there must be used medicines that are extreme. I will, by device, give this portrait a blemish, that by that means she may come again to my shop; and then as good it were to utter my love and die with denial as conceal it and live with despair.

SONG BY APELLES

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd
At cards for kisses, Cupid paid;
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;

Curst. Angry, shrewish. He means that Campaspe looks both disdainful and gentle.

Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how),
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin:
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O love, has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

ACT IV

SCENE I

A public place in Athens.

A few citizens, Psyllus and Granichus stand in a group discussing the flight of Diogenes. Diogenes himself stands apart, by his tub, arms folded, deep in meditation.

First Cit. This is the place, the day, the time that
Diogenes hath appointed to fly.

Psyllus. I will not lose the flight of so fair a fowl as
Diogenes, though my master cudgel me as he
threatened.

Gran. What, Psyllus, will the beast wag his wings
to-day?

Psyllus. We shall hear; for here cometh Manes.

Set her. Set as a stake.

Enter Manes.

Manes, will it be?

Manes. Be! he were best be as cunning as a bee, or else shortly he will not be at all.

Gran. How is he furnished to fly? hath he feathers?

Manes. Thou art an ass! capons, geese, and owls have feathers. He hath found Dedalus' old waxen wings, and hath been piecing them this month, he is so broad in the shoulders. O, you shall see him cut the air even like a tortoise.

First Cit. Methinks so wise a man should not be so mad; his body must needs be too heavy.

Manes. Why, he hath eaten nothing this seven-night but cork and feathers.

Enter citizens.

See, they begin to flock; and behold, my master bustles himself to fly.

Diog. [*Turning his tub upside down, and climbing on it to address the people.*] You wicked and bewitched Athenians, whose bodies make the earth to groan, and whose breaths infect the air. Come ye to see Diogenes fly? Diogenes cometh to see you sink: yea, call me dog; so I am, for I long to gnaw the bones in your skins. Ye term me a hater of men: no, I am a hater of your manners. You flatter kings, and call them gods; speak truth of yourselves, and confess you are devils! All conscience is sealed at Athens. All things are lawful

Dedalus, or Dædalus. Fabled to have made wings for himself and his son Icarus.

at Athens. Either you think there are no gods, or I must think ye are no men. You build as though you should live for ever, and surfeit as though you should die to-morrow. None teacheth true philosophy but Aristotle, because he was the king's schoolmaster! O times! O men! O corruption in manners! Remember that green grass must turn to dry hay. When you sleep, you are sure not to wake; and when you rise, not certain to lie down. Look you never so high, your heads must lie level with your feet. Thus have I flown over your disordered lives; and if you will not amend your manners, I will study to fly farther from you, that I may be nearer to honesty.

[The crowd becomes indignant.]

One of the people. Hast thou made us all fools and wilt thou not fly?

Diog. I tell thee, unless thou be honest I will fly.

People. *[Angry and derisive.]* Dog! dog! take a bone!

Diog. Thy father need fear no dogs, but dogs thy father.

People. We will tell Alexander that thou reprovest him behind his back.

Diog. And I will tell him that you flatter him before his face.

People. We will cause all the boys in the street to hiss at thee.

Diog. Indeed, I think the Athenians have their children ready for any vice, because they be Athenians.

[He comes down from the tub and passes through the crowd, which, grumbling, begins to disperse.]

Manes. [*Aside to Diogenes.*] Why, master, mean you not to fly?

Diog. No, Manes, not without wings.

Manes. Everyone will account you a liar.

Diog. No, I warrant you; for I will always say the Athenians are mischievous.

Psyllus [*To Granichus.*] I care not, it was sport enough for me to see these old huddles hit home.

Gran. Nor I.

Psyllus. Come, let us go! and hereafter, when I mean to rail upon any body openly, it shall be given out I will fly.

SCENE II

The studio of Apelles

Campaspe posed for her portrait, which stands on the easel. Apelles sits at her feet.

Apel. I have now, Campaspe, almost made an end.

Camp. You told me, Apelles, you would never end.

Apel. Never end my love, for it shall be eternal.

Camp. What will you say if Alexander perceive your love?

Apel. I will say it is no treason to love.

Camp. But how if he will not suffer thee to see my person?

Apel. Then will I gaze continually on thy picture.

Camp. That will not feed thy heart.

Huddles. Old decrepit creatures.

Apel. Yet it shall fill mine eye. Tell me, Campaspe, whom do you love best in the world?

Camp. [*Looking across at her picture, and then at him.*] He that made me last in the world.

Apel. That was a god.

Camp. I had thought it had been a man. . . . Well, I must be gone; but this assure yourself, that I had rather be in thy shop grinding colours than in Alexander's court following higher fortunes.

[*She goes out with page. Apelles goes to her picture, stands gazing at it for a moment, and then, taking his lute, sings.*

THE SONG

What bird so sings yet so does wail?
 O 'tis the ravished nightingale.
 "Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu," she cries,
 And still her woes at midnight rise.
 Brave prick-song! who is 't now we hear?
 None but the lark, so shrill and clear;
 How at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
 The morn not waking till she sings.
 Hark! hark! with what a pretty throat
 Poor robin redbreast tunes his note!
 Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing,
 "Cuckoo!" to welcome in the spring;
 "Cuckoo!" to welcome in the spring.

In the original this song is sung by Trico, the son of an Athenian, who brings him and his brothers to Diogenes to be educated.

Prick-song. Song set to music, or music in parts.

Enter Page.

Page. [*Saucily.*] Apelles, you must come away quickly with the picture. The king thinketh that, now you have painted it, you play with it.

Apel. If I would play with pictures, I have enough.

Page. [*Knowingly.*] None, perhaps, you like so well.

Apel. It may be I have painted none so well.

Page. [*Inspecting the picture with the air of a connoisseur.*] I have known many fairer faces.

Apel. And I many better boys.

[He makes a threatening gesture ; the page runs away. He lifts the picture from the easel with a sigh, puts it back, and goes out.]

ACT V

SCENE I

A public place

Diogenes meditates without his tub. Alexander and Hephestion talk together ; a page is in attendance on the king.

Alex. Methinks, Hephestion, you are more melancholy than you were accustomed ; but, I perceive, it is all for Alexander. You can neither brook this peace nor my pleasure : be of good cheer ; though I wink, I sleep not.

[He lays his hand on his sword.]

Heph. Melancholy I am not, nor well content; for, I know not how, there is such a rust crept into my bones with this long ease that I fear I shall not scour it out with infinite labours.

Alex. Yes, yes; if all the travails of conquering the world will set either thy body or mind in tune, we will undertake them. But what think you of Apelles? Did ye ever see any so perplexed? He neither answered directly to any question, nor looked steadfastly upon anything. I hold my life the painter is in love.

Heph. It may be; for commonly we see artificers enamoured of their own works.

Alex. I will find it out. Page, go speedily to Apelles; will him to come hither; and when you see us earnestly in talk, suddenly cry out, "Apelles' shop is on fire!"

Page. It shall be done. *[Exit.]*

Heph. I pity the poor painter if he be in love.

Alex. Pity him not, I pray thee. What do you think of love?

Heph. As the Macedonians do of their herb beet, which, looking yellow in the ground and black in the hand, think it better seen than touched.

Alex. But what do you imagine it to be?

Heph. A word, by superstition thought a god, by use turned to a humour, by self-will made a flattering madness.

Alex. You are too hard-hearted to think so of love. Let us go to Diogenes. *[Crossing to the tub.]*

Humour. Caprice.

Diogenes, thou mayst think it somewhat that Alexander cometh to thee again so soon.

Diog. If you come to learn, you could not come soon enough; if to laugh, you come too soon.

Heph. It would better become thee to be more courteous, and frame thyself to please.

Diog. And you better to be less, if you durst displease.

Alex. What dost thou think of the time we have here?

Diog. That we have little, and lose much.

Alex. If one be sick, what wouldst thou have him do?

Diog. Be sure that he make not his physician his heir.

Alex. If thou mightest have thy will, how much ground would content thee?

Diog. As much as you in the end must be contented withal.

Alex. What, a world?

Diog. No, the length of my body.

Alex. Diogenes, I pray thee, what dost thou think of love?

Diog. A little worser than I can of hate.

Alex. And why?

Diog. Because it is better to hate the things which make to love, than to love the things which give occasion of hate.

Alex. Why, be not women the best creatures in the world?

Diog. Next men and bees.

Alex. What dost thou dislike chiefly in a woman?

Diog. One thing.

Alex. What?

Diog. That she is a woman.

Alex. In mine opinion thou wert never born of a woman, that thou thinkest so hardly of women. But now cometh Apelles, who, I am sure, is as far from thy thoughts as thou art from his cunning. Diogenes, I will have thy cabin removed nearer to my court, because I will be a philosopher.

Diog. And when you have done so, I pray you remove your court further from my cabin, because I will not be a courtier.

Alex. But here cometh Apelles.

Enter Apelles.

Apelles, what piece of work have you now in hand?

Apel. None in hand, if it like your majesty; but I am devising a platform in my head.

Alex. I think your hand put it in your head. Is it nothing about Venus?

Apel. No; but something above Venus.

Page. [*Rushing in wildly.*] Apelles! Apelles! look about you, your shop is on fire!

Apel. [*Distracted.*] Ay me! if the picture of Campaspe be burnt, I am undone.

[*He would rush away, but is detained by Alexander.*]

Alex. Stay, Apelles, no haste; it is your heart is on fire, not your shop; and if Campaspe hang there, I would she were burnt. But have you the picture of Campaspe? Belike you love her well, that you care not though all be lost so she be safe.

Apel. [*Agitated.*] Not love her; but your majesty

Platform. Plan.

knows that painters in their last works are said to excel themselves, and in this I have so much pleased myself, that the shadow as much delighteth me, being an artificer, as the substance doth others that are amorous.

Alex. You lay your colours grossly: though I could not paint in your shop, I can spy into your excuse. [*Gravely, but without anger.*] Be not ashamed, Apelles, it is a gentleman's sport to be in love. Call hither Campaspe. [*Exit page*]. Methinks I might have been made privy to your affection; though my counsel had not been necessary, yet my countenance might have been thought requisite. But Apelles, forsooth, loveth under hand, yea, and under Alexander's nose, and—but I say no more.

Apel. [*Apprehensively.*] Apelles loveth not so: but he liveth to do as Alexander will.

Enter Campaspe.

Alex. Campaspe, here is news. Apelles is in love with you.

Camp. [*Trying to treat it as a jest.*] It pleaseth your majesty to say so.

Alex. Campaspe, for the good qualities I know in Apelles, and the virtue I see in you, I am determined you shall wed one another. How say you, Campaspe? would you say ay?

Camp. [*Resignedly.*] Your handmaid must obey if you command.

Alex. [*With an air of virtue.*] I will not enforce marriage where I cannot compel love.

Camp. [*Alarmed.*] But your majesty may move a question where you be willing to have a match.

Alex. Believe me, Hephestion, these parties are agreed; they would have me both priest and witness. Apelles, take Campaspe; why move ye not? Campaspe, take Apelles; will it not be? [*They stand undecided, fearing to look at one another.*] If you be ashamed one of the other, by my consent you shall never come together. But dissemble not, Campaspe; do you love Apelles?

Camp. Pardon, my lord, I love Apelles!

[*She goes to Apelles and takes him by the hand.*]

Alex. Apelles, it were a shame for you, being loved so openly of so fair a virgin, to say the contrary. Do you love Campaspe?

Apel. Only Campaspe.

Alex. Two loving worms, Hephestion! I perceive Alexander cannot subdue the affections of men, though he conquer their countries. Well, enjoy one another; I give her thee frankly, Apelles. Thou shalt see that Alexander maketh but a toy of love, and leadeth affection in fetters; using fancy as a fool to make him sport, or a minstrel to make him merry. It is not the amorous glance of an eye can settle an idle thought in the heart; no, no, it is children's game, a life for sempsters and scholars: the one, pricking in clouts, have nothing else to think on; the other, picking fancies out of books, have little else to marvel at. Go,

Two loving worms. Cp. Prospero to Miranda when she falls in love: "Poor worm, thou art infected."

Apelles, take with you your Campaspe; Alexander is cloyed with looking on that which thou wond'rest at.

Apel. Thanks to your majesty on bended knee, you have honoured Apelles.

Camp. Thanks with bowed heart, you have blessed Campaspe.

[Alexander dismisses them and calls his page.]

Alex. Page, go warn Clytus and Parmenio and the other lords to be in readiness; let the trumpet sound, strike up the drum, and I will presently into Persia. How now, Hephestion, is Alexander able to resist love as he list?

Heph. *[Delighted at the prospect of war.]* The conquering of Thebes was not so honourable as the subduing of these thoughts.

Alex. It were a shame Alexander should desire to command the world if he could not command himself.

[He speaks this sentiment finely, and glances towards the tub to see if at last he has impressed Diogenes, but Diogenes is asleep. Alexander and Hephestion go out together, the philosopher snores contentedly in his tub.]

EPILOGUE

(At the Blackfriars)

WHERE the rainbow toucheth the tree, no caterpillars will hang on the leaves; where the glow-worm

creepeth in the night, no adder will go in the day. We hope in the ears where our travails be lodged no carping shall harbour in those tongues. Our exercises must be as your judgment is, resembling water, which is always of the same colour into what it runneth. If the tree be blasted that blossoms, the fault is in the wind, and not in the root; and if our pastimes be misliked that have been allowed you must impute it to the malice of others, and not our endeavour. And so we rest in good case if you rest well content.

[He raises his arm and bows, saluting the audience, and goes out.]

Allowed. Approved.

Case. Condition.



SHAKESPEARE'S
PREDECESSOR IN TRAGEDY—
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

THE prologue of *Tamburlaine*, Marlowe's first tragedy, which was acted a year after the young Shakespeare came from Stratford to London, shows that its author is conscious of himself as a new power in drama.

From jiggling veins of rhyming mother-wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war,
Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine
Threatening the world with high astounding terms,
And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword.
View but his picture in this tragic glass,
And then applaud his fortunes as you please.

The "tragic glass" was not unknown to the audiences of 1587. A quarter of a century before this date, *Ferrex and Porrex*, or *Gorboduc*, written by Norton and Sackville, had been played before the queen by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple, and it was followed by other tragedies, many of which were modelled on those of Seneca. Neither was the blank verse of *Tamburlaine* an innovation. The play of *Gorboduc* is written in this metre, and it is tentatively used by other dramatists before Marlowe. But before Marlowe neither tragedy nor the verse which established itself as the chief metre of English poetic drama had been treated with genius. His is a creative mind, with a power and a passion at once recognised by his contemporaries, who praise him in unforgettable phrases. "His raptures were all air and fire"; he had in him "brave

"translunary things"; he was "fit to write passions for the souls below, if any wretched souls in passion speak." His verse was admired for its strength and its sweetness. Ben Jonson speaks of "Marlowe's mighty line." Rowers used to sing couplets of Hero and Leander on the Thames; and

Men would shun their sleep in still dark night
To meditate upon his golden lines.

Faults Marlowe has. With all its well-deserved praise of him, his own age had critics who laughed at his "huf-cap terms," and at "rampum scampum, mount tufty Tamburlaine"; the tragic power of the theme of Faustus is weakened by the introduction of scenes in which the hero practises his magic in a series of wearisome practical jokes; there is little variety in the type of character he presents. These, compared with his achievements, are small things.

Passionate and lawless as he himself appears to have been, Marlowe is fascinated by a character fretted with ambition, with insatiable desire, whether it be for conquest, as in *Tamburlaine*, for superhuman knowledge and power, as in *Doctor Faustus*, or for gold and jewels, "infinite riches in a little room," as in *The Jew of Malta*.

What glory is there in a common good,
That hangs for every peasant to achieve?
That like I best that flies beyond my reach.

These lines, spoken by Guise in *The Massacre of Paris*, express the desire of the Marlovian hero. In their passionate attempts to gain the unattainable, Tamburlaine, Faustus and Barabas are as men possessed. In the plays of which they are the heroes there is little of the conflict which is of such great importance and interest in Shakespearean tragedy, but it is not absent. The scenes in which his Good and Evil Angels work upon

the soul of Faustus mark the transition from the obvious allegory of a morality like *The World and the Child* to the subtle rendering of the conflict in man's mind shown in a great tragedy like *Macbeth*.

Doctor Faustus is the most interesting play that Marlowe wrote. He took the story from the so-called *Faustbuch*, using either the German original or its English version. Like every play of his, this tragedy contains passages of magnificent poetry. The praise of Helen is one of the loveliest love poems of our language; a line like

Made music with my Mephistophilis

has that enchanting harmony which, once sounded, echoes again and again in the work of the Elizabethans; the agony of Faustus waiting his doom is expressed with a dramatic passion more wild and moving than any outside the plays of Shakespeare. Nothing could better illustrate the originality of Marlowe than his characterisation of Mephistophilis. Familiar with the comic Devil of the morality play, with his roaring voice, his calfskin suit, and his great red nose, he creates a sinister and tragic figure, lonely and terrible, unable, like Milton's Satan, to free himself from the everlasting torment of the ruin and despair of his spirit.

Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it.
Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?

It is true that there is a certain amount of inconsistency in the character, and that the old "roaring Devil" manifests himself in the scenes of horseplay and practical joking which follow the dreadful pact made by Faustus, but this buffoonery is unnecessarily over-

emphasised in the occasional representations of the play on the modern stage. These scenes have been omitted from the following abridgment of the tragedy, which shows the ambition of Faustus, its guilty fulfilment, and his doom.

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS

Abridged

(From the Quarto of 1604)

THE PLAYERS

FAUSTUS,	} <i>Friends to Faustus.</i>	MEPHISTOPHILIS.
VALDES,		GOOD ANGEL.
CORNELIUS,		EVIL ANGEL.
WAGNER, <i>servant to Faustus.</i>		THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.
AN OLD MAN.		DEVILS.
SCHOLARS.		A SPIRIT IN THE SHAPE OF
LUCIFER.		HELEN.
BELZEBUB.		CHORUS.

The "dressing" of this play is simple. Faustus and his scholar friends may wear academic gowns; Helen is clad in the classical chiton (see page 111); the Chorus in a loose flowing robe or in herald's dress (see page 65); Mephistophilis may appear in the costume he wears in the opera of *Faust*: a scarlet tight-fitting jerkin and hose, and a short scarlet cloak. The Good and Evil Angels may wear the conventional white and black

robes of the saved and accursed souls of the old mystery plays (see page 12). A fantastic show may be made of the Deadly Sins. Spenser's pictorial description of them in the fourth canto of Book I. of *The Faerie Queene* should be carefully studied.

There is no change of scene, and the tragedy should be played with very short intervals.

THE TEXT OF THE PLAY

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Not marching now in fields of Thrasymene,
Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings where state is overturn'd;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt her heavenly verse:
Only this, gentlemen,—we must perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad:
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud,
And speak of Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes:
Of riper years, to Wertenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarism grac'd,
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,

Mate. Confound.

Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
 In heavenly matters of theology;
 Till swoln with cunning, of a self-conceit,
 His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
 And, melting, heavens conspir'd his overthrow;
 For, falling to a devilish exercise,
 And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,
 He surfeits upon cursed necromancy;
 Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
 Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss:
 And this the man that in his study sits. [Exit.

SCENE I

Faustus discovered in his study.

Faustus. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
 To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess:
 Having commenc'd, be a divine in show,
 Yet level at the end of every art,
 And live and die in Aristotle's works.
 Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me!
Bene disserere est finis logices.
 Is to dispute well logic's chiefest end?
 Affords this art no greater miracle?

Cunning. Knowledge.

Level at. Aim at.

Analytics. Science of analysis.

Logic. The study of logic was of great importance in mediæval education, and Aristotle's works on the subject were well known.

Then read no more; thou hast attain'd that end:
 A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit:
 Bid Economy farewell, and Galen come,
 Seeing, *Ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus*:
 Be a physician, Faustus; heap up gold,
 And be eternis'd for some wondrous cure:

Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas,
 The end of physic is our body's health.

Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end?

Is not thy common talk found aphorisms?

Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
 Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
 And thousand desperate maladies been eas'd?

Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.

Couldst thou make men to live eternally,

Or, being dead, raise them to life again,

Then this profession were to be esteem'd.

Physic, farewell! Where is Justinian? [Reads.

*Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem, alter
 valorem rei, etc.*

A pretty case of paltry legacies! [Reads.

Exhæreditare filium non potest pater, nisi, etc.

Galen. The most famous of ancient medical writers.

Ubi . . . medicus. Where the philosopher ends, there the doctor begins.

Justinian. A Roman emperor who ordered and superintended the compilation of the *Digest*, a famous book of Roman law.

Si una . . . rei, etc. If one and the same thing is left to two people, one [shall have] the thing, the other the value of the thing.

Exhæreditare . . . nisi, etc. A father cannot disinherit his son, unless—

Such is the subject of the institute,
And universal body of the law:
This study fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aims at nothing but external trash;
Too servile and illiberal for me.
When all is done, divinity is best:
Jerome's Bible, Faustus: view it well. [Reads.
Stipendium peccati mors est. Ha! *Stipendium*, etc.
The reward of sin is death: that's hard. [Reads.
Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis
veritas: If we say that we have no sin, we deceive
ourselves, and there's no truth in us. Why, then,
belike we must sin, and so consequently die:
Ay, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this, *Che sera, sera*,
What will be, shall be? Divinity, adieu!
These metaphysics of magicians,
And necromantic books are heavenly;
Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters;
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O, what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, of omnipotence,
Is promis'd to the studious artisan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command: emperors and kings
Are but obeyed in their several provinces,
Nor can they raise the wind, or rend the clouds;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,

Jerome. An early Christian scholar who translated the Bible from Hebrew into Latin.

Artisan. One skilled in the arts.

Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man;
A sound magician is a mighty god:
Here, Faustus, tire thy brains to gain a deity.

Enter Wagner.

Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,
The German Valdes and Cornelius;
Request them earnestly to visit me.

Wagner. I will, sir. *[Exit.]*

Their conference will be a greater help to me
Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.

G. Ang. O, Faustus, lay thy damned book aside,
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head!
Read, read the Scriptures:—that is blasphemy.

E. Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art
Wherein all Nature's treasure is contain'd:
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements.

[Exeunt Angels.]

Faustus. How am I glutted with conceit of this!
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world

Conceit. Imagination, idea.

For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;
I'll have them read me strange philosophy,
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wertenberg;
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,
Wherein the students shall be bravely clad;
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
And reign sole king of all the provinces;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter Valdes and Cornelius.

Come, German Valdes and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealed arts:
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy,
That will receive no object; for my head
But ruminates on necromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure;
Both law and physic are for petty wits;
Divinity is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile:

Keel. The men of Antwerp brought a ship laden with heavy stones under the bridge of boats made across the Scheldt by the Prince of Parma, and blew it up there, causing great destruction.

'Tis magic, magic that hath ravish'd me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt;
And I, that have with concise syllogisms
Gravell'd the pastors of the German Church,
And made the flowering pride of Wertenberg
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musæus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.
Vald. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our
experience
Shall make all nations to canonise us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the spirits of every element
Be always serviceable to us three;
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;
Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the queen of love:
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury;
If learned Faustus will be resolute.

Musæus. A mythical Greek poet and priest, said to have been the pupil or son of Orpheus, the heavenly musician. It was Orpheus who succeeded in penetrating the infernal regions in quest of his wife Eurydice.

Agrippa. A German writer and physician who was credited with magic powers.

Almain rutters. German horsemen.

Faustus. Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live: therefore object it not.

Corn. The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require:
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renown'd,
And more frequented for this mystery
Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks,
Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth;
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?

Faustus. Nothing, Cornelius. O, this cheers my soul!
Come, show me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some lusty grove
And have these joys in full possession.

Vald. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
And bear wise Bacon's and Albertus' works,
The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

Corn. Valdes, first let him know the words of art;
And then, all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

Bacon. Roger Bacon, a famous thirteenth-century English philosopher and man of science.

Albertus Magnus. A great German scholar and student of Aristotle.

Vald. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

Faustus. Then come and dine with me, and after meat
We'll canvass every quiddity thereof;
For ere I sleep I'll try what I can do:
This night I'll conjure, though I die therefore.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

The Study of Faustus

Enter two Scholars.

First Schol. I wonder what's become of Faustus, that
was wont to make our school ring with *sic probo*.

Sec. Schol. That shall we know, for see, here comes
his boy.

Enter Wagner.

First Schol. How now, sirrah! where's thy master?

Wagner. God in heaven knows.

Sec. Schol. Why, dost not thou know?

Wagner. Yes, I know; but that follows not.

First Schol. Go to, sirrah! leave your jesting, and
tell us where he is.

Wagner. That follows not necessary by force of argu-
ment that you, being licentiates, should stand
upon: therefore acknowledge your error, and
be attentive.

Quiddity. Subtlety, quibble.

Licentiate. An academical dignity.

Sec. Schol. Why, didst thou not say thou knewest?

Wagner. Have you any witness on 't?

First. Schol. Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

Wagner. Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

Sec. Schol. Well, you will not tell us?

Wagner. Yes, sir, I will tell you: yet if you were not dunces you would never ask me such a question, for is not he *corpus naturale*? and is not that *mobile*? then wherefore should you ask me such a question? But that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to love, it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian, and begin to speak thus:—Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, would inform your worships: and so the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren! [Exit.

First Schol. Nay, then, I fear he has fallen into that damned art for which they two are infamous through the world.

Sec. Schol. Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him. But come, let us go and inform the Rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him. [Exeunt.

Corpus naturale. A natural body.

Mobile. Movable.

Precisian. A formalist, a puritan.

Enter Faustus to conjure.

Faustus. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from th' antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatis'd,
Th' abbreviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs and erring stars,
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the uttermost magic can perform.—

*Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen
triplex Jehovahæ! Ignei, aerii, aquatani spiritus,
salvete! Orientis princeps Belzebub, inferni ar-
dentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut
appareat et surgat Mephistophilis [quod tumeraris]:
per Jehovaham, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam
quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc
facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis
dicatus Mephistophilis!*

Sint mihi . . . Mephistophilis. May the gods of Acheron
[a river of the lower world] be propitious to me! May the
threefold divinity of Jehovah prevail! Ye spirits of fire, air,
water, all hail! Belzebub, prince of the East, king of burning
hell, and Demogorgon, we propitiate ye that Mephistophilis
may appear and arise: by Jehovah, Gehenna, and the holy

Enter Mephistophilis.

I charge thee to return, and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me:
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
That holy shape becomes a devil best.

[Exit Mephistophilis.]

I see there's virtue in my heavenly words:
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells:
No, Faustus, thou art conjurer laureat,
That canst command great Mephistophilis:
Quin regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine.

Re-enter Mephistophilis like a Franciscan friar.

Meph. Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do?

Faustus. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.

Meph. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave:
No more than he commands must we perform.

water which I now sprinkle, and the sign of the cross which I now make, and by our prayers, may that very Mephistophilis called by us now arise! (*Quod tumeraris*), a corrupt phrase, has been omitted from the translation.

Quin . . . imagine. For in the image of thy brother Mephistophilis thou holdest sway.

Faustus. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

Meph. No, I came hither of mine own accord.

Faustus. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee?
Speak.

Meph. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*;
For when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul;
Nor will we come, unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,
And pray devoutly to the prince of hell.

Faustus. So Faustus hath
Already done; and holds this principle,
There is no chief but only Belzebub;
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word "damnation" terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elysium:
His ghost be with the old philosophers!
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me what is that Lucifer, thy lord?

Meph. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

Faustus. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

Meph. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.

Faustus. Now comes it, then, that he is prince of
devils?

Meph. O, by aspiring pride and insolence;

Per accidens. By accident.

Elysium. With the Greeks, the abode of the blessed after
death.

For which God threw him from the face of heaven.
Faustus. And what are you that live with Lucifer?

Meph. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.

Faustus. Where are you damn'd?

Meph. In hell.

Faustus. How comes it, then, that thou art out of hell?

Meph. Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it.

Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?
O, Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul!

Faustus. What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate
For being deprived of the joys of heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn thou joys thou never shalt possess.
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
Seeing Faustus hath incurr'd eternal death
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,
Say he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four-and-twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;
Having thee ever to attend on me,
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies and aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will,

Go and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

Meph. I will, Faustus.

[*Exit.*

Faustus. Had I as many souls as there be stars,

I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.

By him I'll be great emperor of the world,

And make a bridge thorough the moving air,

To pass the ocean with a band of men;

I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,

And make that country continent with Spain,

And both contributory to my crown:

The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,

For any potentate of Germany.

Now that I have obtain'd what I desir'd,

I'll live in speculation of this art,

Till Mephistophilis return again.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III

Faustus discovered in his study.

Faustus. Now, Faustus, must

Thou needs be damn'd, and canst thou not be saved?

What boots it, then, to think on God or heaven?

Away with such vain fancies, and despair;

Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub:

Now, go not backward; no, Faustus, be resolute:

Why waver'st thou? O, something soundeth in
mine ears;

“Abjure this magic, turn to God again!”
 Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.
 To God? He loves thee not;
 The god thou serv’st is thine own appetite,
 Wherein is fix’d the love of Belzebub:
 To him I’ll build an altar and a church,
 And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

Faustus. Contrition, prayer, repentance — what of them?

G. Ang. O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!

E. Ang. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,

That make men foolish that do trust them most.

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

E. Ang. No, Faustus; think of honour and of wealth.

[Exeunt Angels.]

Faustus. Wealth!

Why, the signiory of Embden shall be mine.

When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,

What god can hurt thee, Faustus? thou art safe:

Cast no more doubts.—Come, Mephistophilis,

And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;—

Is’t not midnight?—Come, Mephistophilis.

Veni, veni, Mephistophile!

Enter Mephistophilis.

Now tell me what says Lucifer, thy lord?

Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,
 So he will buy my service with his soul.

Faustus. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood;
For that security craves Lucifer.

If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

Faustus. Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me, what good will my soul do thy lord?

Meph. Enlarge his kingdom.

Faustus. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?

Meph. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

Faustus. Why, have you any pain that torture others?

Meph. As great as have the human souls of men.

But, tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?

And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,

And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

Faustus. Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.

Meph. Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously,

And bind thy soul, that at some certain day

Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;

And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Faustus. [*Stabbing his arm.*] Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee,

I cut my arm, and with my proper blood

Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,

Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!

View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,

And let it be propitious for my wish.

Meph. But, Faustus, thus must

Solamen . . . doloris. It is a solace to the wretched to have had companions in their misery.

Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

Faustus. Ay, so I will. [*Writes.*] But, Mephistophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

Meph. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. [*Exit.*]

Faustus. What might the staying of my blood
portend?

Is it unwilling I should write this bill?

Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?

Faustus gives to thee his soul: O, there it stay'd!

Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soul thine own?

Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul.*

Re-enter Mephistophilis with a chafer of coals.

Meph. Here's fire; come, Faustus, set it on.

Faustus. So, now the blood begins to clear again;

Now will I make an end immediately. [*Writes.*]

Meph. [*Aside.*] O, what will not I do to obtain his
soul?

Faustus. *Consummatum est:* this bill is ended,

And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soul to Lucifer.

But what is this inscription on mine arm?

Homo, fuge; whither should I fly?

If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.

My senses are deceiv'd; here's nothing writ:—

I see it plain; here in this place is writ,

Homo, fuge, yet shall not Faustus fly.

Meph. [*Aside.*] I'll fetch him somewhat to delight
his mind. [*Exit.*]

Consummatum est. It is finished.

Homo, fuge. Flee, O man!

Re-enter Mephistophilis with devils, who give crowns and rich apparel to Faustus, dance, and then depart.

Faustus. Speak, Mephistophilis, what means this show?

Meph. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal,

And to show thee what magic can perform.

Faustus. But may I raise up spirits when I please?

Meph. Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

Faustus. Then there's enough for a thousand souls.

Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,

A deed of gift of body and of soul;

But yet conditionally that thou perform

All articles prescrib'd between us both!

Meph. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer

To effect all promises between us made!

[Faustus gives him the scroll.]

Faustus. Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?

Meph. Under the heavens.

Faustus. Ay, but whereabout?

Meph. Within the bowels of these elements,

Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever:

Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd

In one self place; for where we are is hell,

And where hell is, there must we ever be:

And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,

And every creature shall be purified,

All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

Faustus. Come, I think hell's a fable.

Meph. Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

Faustus. Why, think'st thou, then, that Faustus shall be damn'd?

Meph. Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll
Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

Faustus. Ay, and body too: but what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine
That, after this life, there is any pain?
Tush, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.

Meph. Hold, take this book, peruse it thoroughly:
[*Gives book.*]

The iterating of these lines brings gold;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder, and lightning;
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,
And men in armour shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou desir'st.

Faustus. Thanks, Mephistophilis: yet fain would I
have a book wherein I might behold all spells and
incantations, that I might raise up spirits when
I please.

Meph. Here they are in this book. [Turns to them.

Faustus. Now would I have a book where I might see
all characters and planets of the heavens, that I
might know their motions and dispositions.

Meph. Here they are too. [Turns to them.

Faustus. Nay, let me have one book more,—and then
I have done,—wherein I might see all plants, herbs,
and trees that grow upon the earth.

Meph. Here they be.

Faustus. O, thou art deceived.

Meph. Tut, I warrant thee. *[Turns to them.]*

Faustus. When I behold the heavens, then I repent,
And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.

Meph. Why, Faustus,
Thinkest thou heaven is such a glorious thing?
I tell thee, 'tis not half so fair as thou,
Or any man that breathes on earth.

Faustus. How prov'st thou that?

Meph. 'Twas made for man, therefore is man more
excellent.

Faustus. If it were made for man, 'twas made for me:
I will renounce this magic and repent.

Enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.

G. Ang. Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.

E. Ang. Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.

Faustus. Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?

Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;

Ay, God will pity me if I repent.

E. Ang. Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

[Exeunt Angels.]

Faustus. My heart's so harden'd, I cannot repent:

Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,

But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears,

"Faustus, thou art damn'd!" then swords, and
knives,

Poison, guns, halters, and envenom'd steel

Are laid before me to despatch myself;

And long ere this I should have slain myself,

Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair.
 Have not I made blind Homer sing to me
 Of Alexander's love and Œnon's death?
 And hath not he, that built the walls of Thebes
 With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
 Made music with my Mephistophilis?
 Why should I die, then, or basely despair!
 I am resolv'd; Faustus shall ne'er repent.—
 Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again.

.

Tell me, who made the world?

Meph. I will not.

Faustus. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

Meph. Move me not, for I will not tell thee.

Faustus. Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me
 anything?

Meph. Ay, that is not against our kingdom; but this
 is. Think thou on hell, Faustus, for thou art damned.

Faustus. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the
 world.

Meph. Remember this.

[*Exit.*

Faustus. Ay, go, accursed spirit, to ugly hell!

'Tis thou hast damn'd distressed Faustus' soul.

Is 't not too late?

Re-enter Good Angel and Evil Angel.

E. Ang. Too late.

G. Ang. Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

Alexander. Another name for Paris, son of Priam, King
 of Troy.

Œnon. See Tennyson's poem *Œnone*. She slew herself
 from grief when she saw her husband, Paris, dead.

E. Ang. If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces.

G. Ang. Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin.

[*Exeunt Angels.*]

Faustus. Ah, Christ, my Saviour,

Seek to save distressed Faustus' soul!

Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephistophilis.

Lucifer. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just:

There's none but I have interest in the same.

Faustus. O, who art thou that look'st so terrible?

Lucifer. I am Lucifer,

And this is my companion-prince in hell.

Faustus. O, Faustus, they are come to fetch away
thy soul!

Lucifer. We come to tell thee thou dost injure us;

Thou talk'st of Christ, contrary to thy promise:

Thou shouldst not think of God; think of the Devil,

And of his dam too.

Faustus. Nor will I henceforth pardon me in this,

And Faustus vows never to look to heaven,

Never to name God, or to pray to Him,

To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,

And make my spirits pull his churches down.

Lucifer. Do so, and we will highly gratify thee.

Faustus, we are come from hell to show thee some

pastime: sit down, and thou shalt see all the Seven

Deadly Sins appear in their proper shapes.

Faustus. That sight will be as pleasing unto me,

As Paradise was to Adam, the first day

Of his creation.

Lucifer. Talk not of Paradise nor creation; but mark

this show: talk of the Devil, and nothing else.—
Come away!

Enter the Seven Deadly Sins.

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several names and dispositions.

Faustus. What art thou, the first?

Pride. I am Pride. I disdain to have any parents. Sometimes, like a periwig, I sit upon the brow of a wench; or, like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips. But, fie, what a scent is here! I'll not speak another word, except the ground were perfumed and covered with cloth of arras.

Faustus. What art thou, the second?

Covet. I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl, and, might I have my wish, I would desire that this house and all the people in it were turned to gold, that I might lock you up in my good chest: O, my sweet gold!

Faustus. What art thou, the third?

Wrath. I am Wrath, I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce half an hour old; and ever since I have run up and down the world with rapiers, wounding myself when I had nobody to fight withal. I was born in hell; and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

Faustus. What art thou, the fourth?

Envy. I am Envy, begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books were burnt. I am lean with seeing

others eat. O that there would come a famine through all the world, that all might die, and I live alone! then thou shouldst see how fat I would be. But must thou sit and I stand? come down, with a vengeance!

Faustus. Away, envious rascal!—What art thou, the fifth?

Glut. Who I, sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me but a bare pension, and that is thirty meals a day, and ten bevers,—a small trifle to suffice nature. O, I come of a royal parentage! my grandfather was a Gammon of Bacon, my grandmother a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickle-herring and Martin Martlemas-beef; O, but my godmother, she was a jolly gentlewoman, and well-beloved in every good town and city; her name was Mistress Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny; wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faustus. No, I'll see thee hanged: thou wilt eat up all my victuals. . . . Who art thou, the sixth?

Sloth. I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank, where I have lain ever since; and you have done me great injury to bring me from thence: let me be carried thither again. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom.

Faustus. Away, to hell, to hell! [*Exeunt the Sins.*]

Bever. A small repast between meals; originally a drinking between meals.

SCENE IV

*The study of Faustus**Enter Wagner.*

Wagner. I think my master means to die shortly,
For he hath given to me all his goods:
And yet, methinks, if that death were near
He would not banquet, and carouse, and swill
Amongst the students, as even now he doth,
Who are at supper with such goodly cheer
As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.
See, where they come! belike the feast is ended.

[Exit.]

*Enter Faustus with two or three Scholars, and
Mephistophilis.*

First Schol. Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifulest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece was the admirablest lady that ever lived: therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favour as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

Faustus. Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeign'd,
And Faustus' custom is not to deny

The just requests of those that wish him well,
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherways for pomp and majesty
Than when Sir Paris crossed the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

[Music sounds, and Helen passeth over the stage.]

Sec. Schol. Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

Third Schol. No marvel though the angry Greeks
pursu'd

With ten years' war the theft of such a queen,
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

First Schol. Since we have seen the pride of Nature's
works,

And only paragon of excellence,
Let us depart; and for the glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore!

Faustus. Gentlemen, farewell: the same I wish to you.
[Exeunt Scholars.]

Enter an Old Man.

Old Man. Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail
To guide thy steps unto the way of life,
By which sweet path thou mayst attain the goal
That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,
Ask mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet,
Whose blood alone can wash away thy guilt.

Faustus. Where art thou, Faustus? wretch, what
hast thou done?

Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd; despair and die!

Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
Says, "Faustus, come; thine hour is almost come";
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

[*Mephistophilis gives him a dagger.*]

Old Man. Ah, stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps!

I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,
And, with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul:
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

Faustus. Ah, my sweet friend, I feel
Thy words to comfort my distressed soul!
Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

Old Man. I go, sweet Faustus; but with heavy cheer,

Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul. [Exit.]

Faustus. Accursed Faustus, where is mercy now?

I do repent; and yet I do despair:
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast:
What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

Meph. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord:
Revolt, or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh.

Faustus. Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
My former vow I made to Lucifer.

Meph. Do it then quickly, with unfeigned heart,
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

Faustus. Torment, sweet friend, that base and crooked
age

That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

Meph. His faith is great; I cannot touch his soul;
But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Faustus. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire,—
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late.

Meph. Faustus, this, or what else thou shalt desire,
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Re-enter Helen.

Faustus. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand
ships,

And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?—
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.—

[*Kisses her.*

Her lips suck forth my soul: see, where it flies!—

Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.

Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,

And all is dross that is not Helena.

I will be Paris, and for love of thee,

Instead of Troy, shall Wertenberg be sack'd;

And I will combat with weak Menelaus,

And wear thy colours on my plumed crest;

Helen of Troy. The most beautiful woman in Greece. Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy, stole her from her husband, Menelaus. The story of the subsequent war between the Greeks and Trojans is one of the most interesting of antiquity.

Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V

Enter Faustus, with Scholars.

Faustus. Ah, gentlemen!

First Schol. What ails Faustus?

Faustus. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived
with thee, then had I lived still! but now I die
eternally. Look, comes he not? comes he not?

Achilles. One of the heroes of ancient Greece. When he
was a baby his mother dipped him in the waters of the River
Styx, thus rendering every part of his body invulnerable
except the heel by which she held him.

Semele. A Greek maiden beloved of Jupiter. His jealous
wife persuaded her to ask the king of heaven to appear to
her in all his flaming glory, which he did and thereby con-
sumed her.

Arethusa. One of the nymphs of Diana, who, when she
was pursued by the hunter Alpheus, changed her into a
spring, in which the lovely "monarch of the sky," the sun,
is reflected.

Sec. Schol. What means Faustus?

Third Schol. Belike he is grown into some sickness by being over-solitary.

First Schol. If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him. 'Tis but a surfeit; never fear, man.

Faustus. A surfeit of deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

Sec. Schol. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven; remember God's mercies are infinite.

Faustus. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O that I had never seen Wertenberg, never read book! and what wonders I have done all Germany can witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself; heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell for ever, hell, ah, hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

Third Schol. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faustus. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Ah, my God, I would weep! but the Devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears! yea, life and soul! O, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold them, they hold them!

All. Who, Faustus?

Faustus. Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen,
I gave them my soul for my cunning!

All. God forbid!

Faustus. God forbade it, indeed; but Faustus hath
done it: for vain pleasure of twenty-four years
hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ
them a bill with mine own blood: the date is
expired; the time will come, and he will fetch me.

First Schol. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before,
that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faustus. Oft have I thought to have done so; but
the Devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named
God, to fetch both body and soul if I once gave
ear to divinity: and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen,
away, lest you perish with me.

Sec. Schol. O, what shall we do to save Faustus?

Faustus. Talk not of me, but save yourselves and
depart.

Third Schol. God will strengthen me; I will stay
with Faustus.

First Schol. Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us
into the next room, and there pray for him.

Faustus. Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what
noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing
can rescue me.

Sec. Schol. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may
have mercy upon thee.

Faustus. Gentlemen, farewell: if I live till morning,
I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell.

[*Exeunt Scholars. The clock strikes eleven.*]

Faustus. Ah, Faustus,

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!

O lente, lente currite, noctis equi !

The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The Devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
O, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down?—
See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the
firmament!

One drop would save my soul, half a drop: ah, my
Christ!

Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now? 'tis gone: and see where God
Stretches out his arm and bends his ireful brows!
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No, no!

Then will I headlong run into the earth:
Earth, gape! O, no, it will not harbour me!
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud,

O lente . . . equi. Gallop slowly, slowly, ye horses of night.

That when you vomit forth into the air
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven!

[The clock strikes the half-hour.]

Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon.

O God,

If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransom'd me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;

Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd!

O, no end is limited to damned souls!

Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?

Or why is this immortal that thou hast?

Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Unto some brutish beast! all beasts are happy,
For, when they die,

Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me!

No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

[The clock strikes twelve.]

O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell!

[Thunder and lightning.]

O soul, be chang'd into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

Pythagoras. A Greek philosopher who held the doctrine of the transmigration of souls.

Enter Devils.

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books!—Ah, Mephistophilis!

[Exeunt Devils with Faustus.]

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Cut is the branch that might have grown full
straight,

And burned is Apollo's laurel-bough
That sometime grew within this learned man.
Faustus is gone: regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits.
[Exit.]

Terminat hora diem ; terminat auctor opus.

THE END

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